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The BYSTANDER

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Semmering.–Grand Hotel Panhans.–World-renow'd htl. of Aust. Alps. 60 mls. fr. Vienna. Sports, Cures. Casino de Jeu. Pens. 15/- up.

Semmering.–3,000 ft. a.s.l.–1½ hrs. fr. Vienna **Suedbahn Hotel, The Golfer's Home.**—Open-air swimming pool.

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Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

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Knocke-Zoute.—The Rubens Hotel.—The finest hotel in the best position on sea front, near Casino. Free conveyance to Links.

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FRANCE.

Paris.—Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

Antibes. — Hotel du Cap D'Antibes. — Pavillon Eden Roc. Winter and Summer Residence.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.—Free bus service with Monte Carlo & Menton. Tennis, Swim. Incl. from 70 frs., with bath from 85 frs.

Juan-les-Pins.—Ambassadeurs.— 1st-class. Sunny rooms with balcony facing beach. Moderate terms. A.A., R.A.C.

FRANCE—*Continued*

Le Touquet.–Hotel des Anglais.–In forest adjoining Casino. Every poss. comf. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet.—P. de C. Golf Hotel.—Facing Links, Visitors have privilege of daily green fees. Open until October.

Le Touquet. — Hotel Regina. — Facing Sea, opposite Swimming Pool. 1st class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

Mentone.—Hotel Stella Bella.—Full South. Sea front, own garden, sun-bathing, private beach. From Frs. 35. Open all the year.

Cap d'Ail.–(Nr. Monte Carlo)–Eden Hotel.–200 rms. on sea. Park 12 acres. Tennis. Own beach. Free bus to M.C. Franco-Brit. Mangt.

Monte-Carlo.—Le Grand Hotel.—350 rms., 280 bath. Entirely renovated 1934 Incl. fr. 65 frs. With bath fr. 80 frs. Open all year.

Monte-Carlo.—The Monte-Carlo Palace.—1st. cl. up to date, fac. Casino, sea-view, open all the yr. Incl. fr. 50 frs., with bath fr. 65 frs.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—Bellevue.—The well-known first-class Family Hotel in five acres own park. Most reasonable rates. Prospectus.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).— Brenner's Stephanie.— The leading hotel.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).— Brenner's Parkhotel.— Pension from M.14.

Baden-Baden. — Bühlerhöhe. — 800 mt. (2,600 ft.) Kurhaus and Sanatorium. Diets, Rest-cures. Pension from R.M.11 upwards.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—*Continued*

GERMANY—*Continued*

Baden-Baden. — Hotel Europe. — Most beautiful pos. opp. Casino. Mod. renovated. 260 beds. Rooms fr. R.M.5. Pens. fr. R.M.11.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.— Wholly renov., facing Kurpark, a home from home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park, close Casino. Pension terms R.M 11. up. Personal man. H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Stadt Strassburg.— Fr. Hoellischer. First-class family hotel. Full pension from R.M.9.

Bad Kissingen Staatl. — Kurhaushotel.— World renowned house, mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

Bad Kissingen—Hotel Reichshof.— Distinguished Family Hotel. Garage. Opposite Park.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.— Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from R M.9.

Bad Nauheim. — Hilbert's Park Hotel. — First-cl. Fam. Hotel. Unique locat. in quiet. pos. of the Kur-Park oppos. Baths & Springs

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.— The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1937.

Bad Nauheim.–Palast Hotel.–Most beautiful position, facing the Kurpark and Baths. Ex. cuisine, special diets. Pension fr. R.M. 10.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus)—Staatl. Kurhotel.—Every room with pte. toilet and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from R.M. 10.50.

Cologne –Hotel Comœdienhof.–Near Stn. & Cath. Rms. fr. R.M. 4, lav. & toil. fr. R.M. 6 pr. bath fr. R.M 8. Gar. A. Grieshaber, Mgr.

Cologne.— Hotel Fürstenhof am Dom.— Up-to-date renovated in 1937. Connected with Restaurant and Café. Dir. Otto Holl.

Cologne.— Hotel Monopol-Metropol.—The Modern home for travellers. First class Restaurant.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Gdn.-Pk. Terrs. Reduced rates. Garage. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Dresden.—Hotel Schiller.—The latest, first-class Hotel. World-renowned, distinguished family-home. Near station.

Düsseldorf.—Bahnhof-Hotel.—The 1st-class Hotel facing the Station. 120 bedrooms, 20 priv. bathrooms. Garage. Restaurants.

Düsseldorf–Breidenbacher Hof–L. ht. Wld. ren'd. Fav. home of intern. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. bar. Orch. Gar. 150 R. fr. 6. 75 Pr. B fr. 9.

Frankfort-on-Main. — Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Leading but not expensive Grill-room—Bar.

Frankfort (on-the-Main).—Park Hotel.— nr. Cen. stn. Famous for its Hors D'oeuvres. Rms. fr. M5. Garage & pumps on premises.

Freiburg. — Hotel Zähringer Hof. — The leading hotel of the district; thoroughly first-class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

Garmisch.–Bavarian Alps.**–Sonnenbichl.– Golf Hotel.**–facing the Zugspitze, first-class family hotel. Excellent Cuisine.

Hanover.–Hotel Ernst August.—The city's most distinguished hotel of International name. Owner: Friedr. Wilh. Nolte.

Heidelberg. — Hotel Europe. — First-class Quiet location in old Park. Rooms from R.M. 5.

Heidelberg, Black Forest.–Hotl. Reichspost. —The Hotel for Personal Service, Comfort and Refinement in the Black Forest.

Hundseck near **Baden-Baden.—Kurhaus & Rest'rant Hundseck** (2952 ft.). Sit. Black Fst 160 beds. Mdn. comf. Pens. fr. R.M7 to R.M9.

Leipzig.–Hotel Astoria.–The latest and most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com

Munich. — Grand Hotel Continental. — Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.–Hotel Der Königshof Karlsplatz.– First-class. Central sit. 150 rms. 50 baths. from 5 Mks.– New Garage in hotel.

GERMANY—*continued*

Munich — Hotel Grunewald. — Opposite central station. 300 beds. Every comfort. Bierstube.

Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Nuremberg.—Hotel Königshof.—All comforts; moderate prices. Sit. the entrance of the old town. Opposite the Station.

Sand.–Kurhaus Sand.–R.A.C. Hotel (2,900 ft.). Black Forest, near Baden-Baden. Lake sunb'ng, fish'g. Incl. tms. fr. Mks.6. Catal'gs.

Sasbachwalden.–Bl. For.–**Landhaus Fuchs.**– 20 mls. fr. Baden-Baden, a country house —priv. swim. pool—R.A.C., N.T.C. hotel.

Walchensee Strandhotel Fischer.—Facing beautiful lake, Alps. Every comfort. Pens. from 7 Mk.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Schwarzer Bock.–1st-cl. fam. Hotel. 300 beds. Med. bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens from Mk. 9.

Wiesbaden.–Htl. Nassauer Hof.–World-rnd. Finest pos. Opp. Park and Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Patd. by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 M.

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First-class Hotel, opp. Kochbrunnen. Every possible comft. Own bath-estab. Pens. from R.M. 10.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Rose.–World renowned Htl., own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Soc. Pen. fr. 11 Mks.

Wiesbaden. — Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.— (Four Seasons). Select home of Soc. Best pos. Opp. Kurhaus, Opera, Pks. Pen. fm. R.M. 12.

ITALY.

Stresa, Lake Maggiore.—**Regina Palace Hotel.**—On the lake. Pension from Lire 50. Tennis. Golf. Orchestra.

SWITZERLAND.

Geneva.–The Beau-Rivage.–With its open-air Rest. Ter. on lake, fac. Mt. Blanc. Most comf. Prices reduc. Rms. fr. Sw. Frs. 6.50

Geneva. — Hotel Richemond. — First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from Frs. 5.50.

Gunten.–Park Hotel (Lake Thun.).–Full sth. on lake front. Lge. Pk. Gar. 1st.-cl. fam. hotl Bathing, Ten., Golf. Pens. from Frs. 11.50 up.

Interlaken.–Hotel Schweizerhof.–Renown'd excel. cook. & comf. Rooms fr. fr. 5.50. Pens. rate from fr. 13. Th. Wirth, Man.-Prop.

Lausanne. — Victoria Hotel. — First-class. The most comfortable at the station. Most moderate terms. Personal attention.

Lucerne.–Hotel Beau-Rivage.–Facing lake. Next door to Casino. First-class. Excellent food. Pension from S.Frs. 13.

Lucerne.–Carlton Hotel.–1st-class English House. Finest sit. on lake. Open-air rest. Pte. lake baths free for guests. Pk. Ten. Gar

Lucerne.—The National.—Ideal location on lake. World known for comfort and personal attention.

Lucerne.—The Palace.—A de luxe hotel in unrivalled sit., directly on lake-front, quiet, yet cent. Write for new broch. and map "E."

Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel.—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rms. fac. lake. Mod. comft. Golf, Tennis, Lge. Pk., Gar. Bch.

Ouchy-Lausanne. — Hotel du Château. — 1st.-cl. hotel in own park on the lake Seat of Lausanne Conf. T'ms R.M. 5, Pens. fr. 12 up.

Thun.—Hotel Bellevue and Park.—Central for excursions. Pension from Fr. 10. Large Park, Tennis, Swimming and Golf.

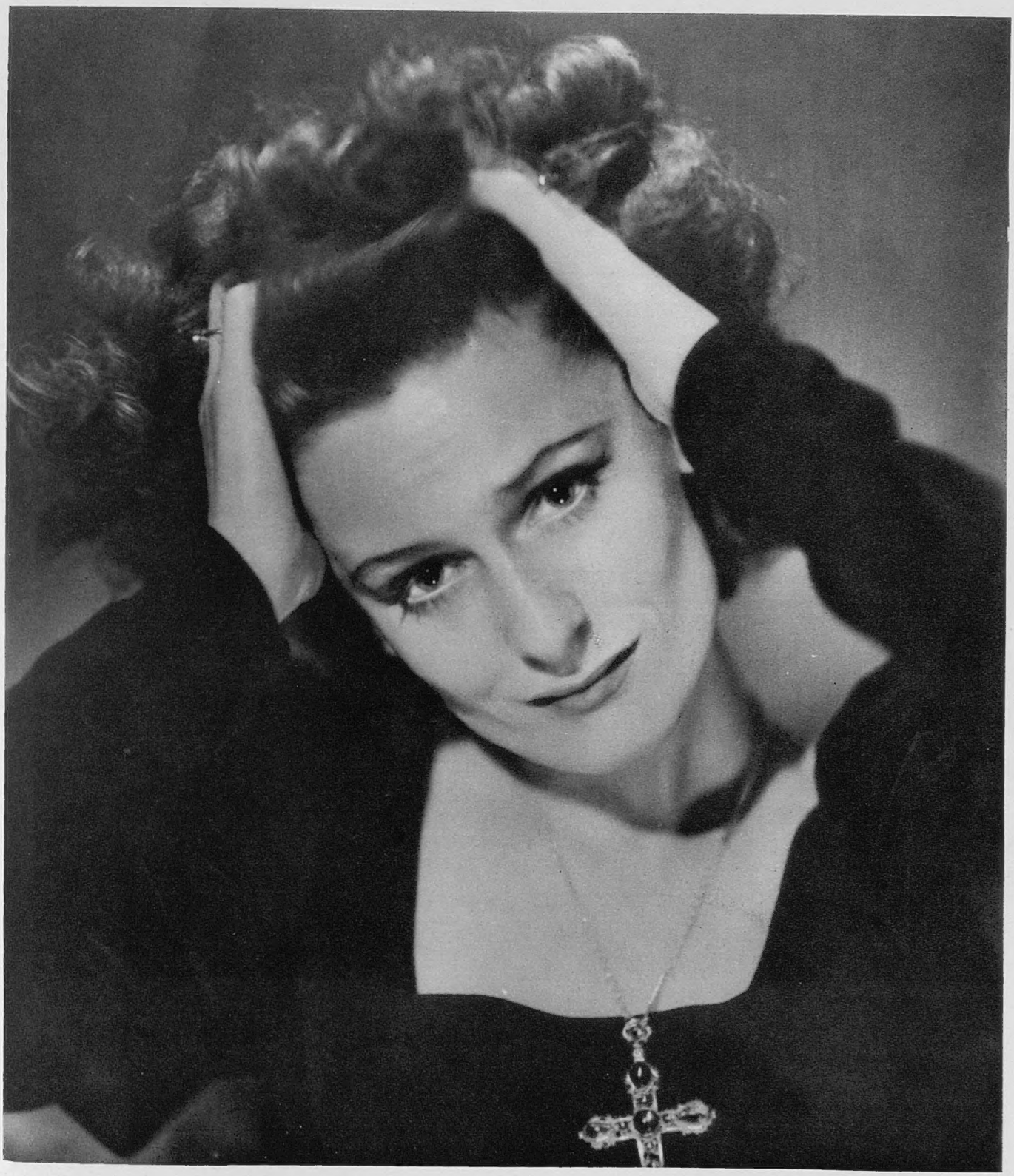
Wengen.–Grand Hotel Belvedere.–First-cl. hotel with every mod. comf., ex. cuis., lge gar., swim., ten., mount'ing, all inc. rates frm 15/-

Wengen.—Palace.—The leading Hotel of the Jungfrau district. Inclusive terms from Frs.s. 14.50. F. Borter Propr.

The Bystander, July 21, 1937

No. 1753. Vol. CXXXV.

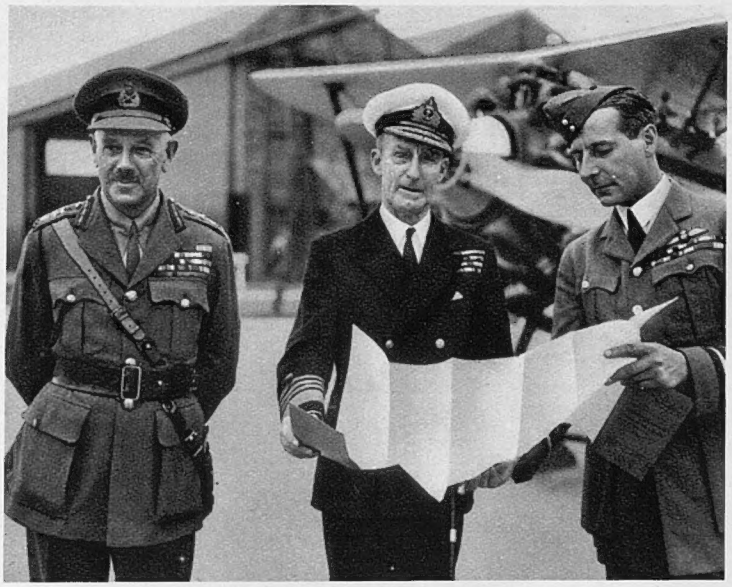
The Bystander



Kenneth Parker, A.R.P.S.

"Like Sweet Bells Jangled Out of Tune . . ."

This study of Ophelia was posed by Hermione Hannen who is playing that part in the extremely interesting production at the Westminster Theatre. The play is being given in full, for the second time this year (the first time was at the Old Vic with Laurence Olivier as Hamlet), and has been produced by Michael MacOwan "according to the ideas of Professor Dover Wilson." These ideas were expounded in Professor Wilson's book, *What Happened to Hamlet*, one of the most fascinating studies ever made of the play, and containing brilliantly convincing explanations of many of its obscurities. Christopher Oldham has the task of playing Hamlet according to these theories, which particularly affect his attitude to Ophelia. Hermione Hannen, who plays the part, is Nicholas Hannen's daughter



The Services Play at War

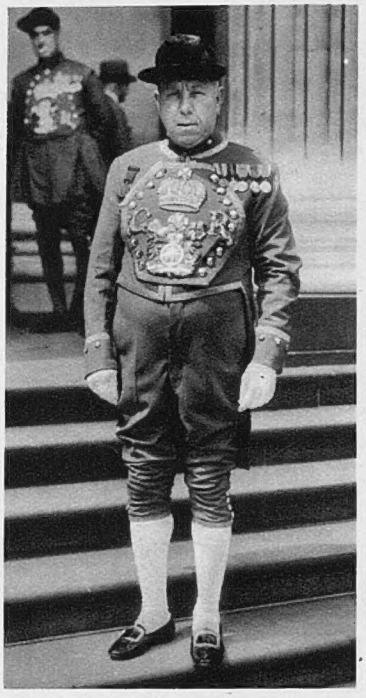
Combined defence conference at Lee-on-Solent was held by General Sir John Burnett-Stuart, G.O.C.-in-C. Southern Command, Admiral the Earl of Cork and Orrery, C.-in-C. Portsmouth, and Air Marshal Joubert de la Ferte, Air Officer C.-in-C. Coastal Command; this was during the Coastal Defence Exercises last week

Lord Nuffield's Blood Pressure

He only had it taken for fun, by H. A. H. Howard, at the annual general meeting plus party arranged by him and Lady Maureen Stanley at the Pioneer Health Centre at Peckham

Personal Parade

Right: tradition is here personified by Mr. "Bossy" Phelps, the King's Bargemaster, who was off to attend the foundation-stone-laying at the new Albert Dock Hospital



Left: the conventional uniform for social functions is more interesting as Sir Walter Gilbey wears it; the little cushion means he was going to watch cricket at Lord's

Below: Lady Oxford, Lord Hambleden, and Sir "Eddie" Marsh are all expert amateurs of the three subjects. Lord Hambleden was host at this "fork luncheon" in connection with the ball to-night for the Vic-Wells Completion Fund

Tradition and Convention Each Have Their Uniform

Below: Miss Lilian Baylis runs the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells, Lord Lytton is their chairman, and Sir Reginald Rowe is a governor, so the Completion Fund is their first thought

A Question of Drama, Opera and Ballet—They Talked About the Vic-Wells Completion Fund

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

IT was a great compliment—not to the foreign policy of Mr. Anthony Eden, but to his reputation, and that of the British Government, for impartiality in foreign affairs—that the Non-Intervention Committee should have unanimously asked the Government to try to find, single-handed, the solution of the international deadlock. It is, of course, true that Germany in particular was anxious that Britain should be invited to act alone, because Berlin has a profound dislike of the firm stand which France has made on the subject of control along the frontiers of the Pyrenees. Nevertheless, the consistency of Great Britain's attitude towards the Spanish Civil War was certainly recognised by this unanimous vote.

MR. ANTHONY EDEN'S plan for the maintenance of Non-Intervention is essentially a compromise—as, indeed, was inevitable. He has ranked the all-important withdrawal of volunteers from both sides with the granting of belligerent rights to both sides. But the important point is that he insists that the rights will not be granted until the withdrawal has made very substantial progress. And the amount of the progress is to be judged by the whole of the Non-Intervention Committee. It is, of course, impossible to say whether Berlin and Rome and Paris will accept the plan, but I am certain that it represents, as Mr. Eden himself claims for it, a real contribution to the cause of peace.

THE Labour Party's reaction to the plan produced an amazing situation. For some months the Labour Opposition in Parliament has indulged in a mixture of freakishness and slumber, but it surpassed itself on this occasion. Mr. Attlee demanded a special debate on the day before the plan was even discussed by the Non-Intervention Committee, on the ground that it was a matter of vital importance. The debate was granted, and after violent attacks on the Government by Mr. Attlee himself, and Mr. Herbert Morrison, to the astonishment of the whole House Mr. Attlee gave instructions to one of his supporters to "talk out" his own motion and thus save the Labour Party from pressing the matter to a division. This is one of the most remarkable examples of Parliamentary stupidity on record, and it is hardly surprising that the Labour vote in the constituencies should be so consistently on the down grade.

THIS week's communiqué from the Palmerston front is so dreadful that I am positively ashamed to print it. It was announced in the House of Commons by Mr. Duff Cooper that General Franco's cruiser, the Almirante Cervera, had captured a British merchantship in Spanish territorial waters off Santander under the very guns of the mammoth warship Royal Oak, and, on hearing the announcement, the Conservatives burst into loud cheers and laughter. They were, of course, signalling their pleasure at the discomfiture of Mr. Attlee, who had been maintaining that Santander was perfectly safe for shipping, but it was somewhat unfortunate that, in order to score a childish party point, they should have applauded a national humiliation. The news of this half-witted cheering and laughter will circle the world.

A SUPPLEMENTARY bulletin from this front also announces that a ring of heavy artillery now dominates the Rock of Gibraltar, and that the guns are German 12-inch and 16-inch. The *Daily Herald's* special correspondent has published a remarkable despatch giving details of the positions of the gun-emplacements. It is a very fortunate thing that General Franco has announced that, if or when he is victorious, he wants to be on friendly terms with Britain. So of course these guns will never be required, and that is very capital.

SOME queer little reports are filtering through from Germany, not one of them important in itself, but taken

Flying to a "Black-Out"

The Secretary and the Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Home Affairs went to Portsmouth to take note of the air-raid precautions and "black-out" test. Sir Samuel Hoare and Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd flew down from Hendon

The Isle of Man's New Lieutenant-Governor

Admiral the Hon. William Leveson-Gower was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Man last week in succession to Sir Montagu Butler. He retired from the Navy two years ago, is a very keen fencer, and a leading sabreur. His neighbour at dinner was Lady Elizabeth Percy

Lady Rose Leveson-Gower Dines Out

The Queen's sister was in a dinner-party at the Trianon last week before going on to a ball. Her new home will be Government House, Douglas, when her husband, Admiral Leveson-Gower, takes up his Isle of Man appointment in September. Sitting on her right was Mr. Christopher Grey, and on her left her brother, Lord Glamis

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 83)

cumulatively, they might turn out to be significant. For example, the whole of the Black Forest has been suddenly closed to tourists. This may mean nothing in itself, but nevertheless, the Black Forest is an admirable mobilisation ground for troops who wish to cross the Rhine. Again, for the last three years the Germans have eagerly invited foreign observers to their military manœuvres. This year no observers are being invited. Again, there is intense uneasiness in Holland at the activity which is going on across the frontier. There may be nothing in these isolated straws, but it is always possible that there may be a wind.

THE United States Government has decided that Japan's refusal to ratify the London Naval Treaty cannot be ignored and that the next American battleships will carry 16-inch guns. It seems to be unlikely that we will follow their example. It is by no means certain that the bigger gun is the better gun. At Jutland, seven of our battle-cruisers, armed with 13·5 and 12-inch guns, were badly knocked about by six German ships, mostly armed with 11-inch guns, and none carrying anything bigger than 12-inch.

THE Italian Press, which, of course, is completely under the control of the Fascist Government, is running a series of articles on "British Defeats in History." One of these is Gallipoli, and another, heavily advertised as "British Rout in Spain," turns out to be Sir John Moore's retreat to Corunna in 1809. It would be unkind, and indeed, almost impossible, to retaliate with a series of articles on Italian victories.

THE mysterious aeroplane has been flying over Southern England at night again, and the usual crop of alarmist rumours are going round. But, as a level-headed friend of mine pointed out, when hundreds of foreign pilots are flying over England every day, it is hardly likely that a single machine, flying at night, would be able to pick up any new or useful information.

LORD ABERDARE has decisively shown that the Government picked a man who practises what he preaches when it appointed him chairman of the new Physical Fitness Committee. At the age of fifty he has just regained the M.C.C. Gold Prize at tennis from Mr. Lowther Lees, the open and amateur champion, in a five-set match which lasted 2½ hours on the hottest day of the year. And at the end, Lord Aberdare was the less distressed of the two players.

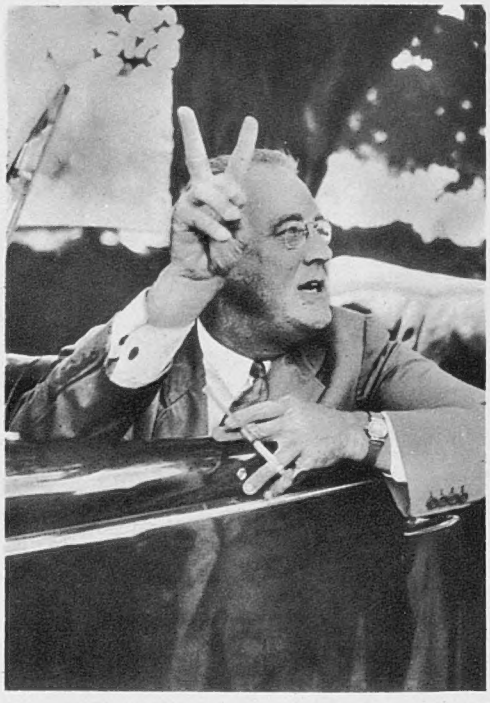
I HAPPENED to visit Aberdeen a few days ago, and was greatly impressed as usual by the prosperity of that tough city of tough citizens. Perhaps it is the solid granite of the buildings that gives an impression of solidity, or perhaps it is the innumerable handsome motor-cars, or perhaps it is the immense activity in the building of new, neat suburbs. But whatever it is, there is no doubt that Aberdeen is not suffering from economic depression.

THE closing down of Mudie's Library is very sad. This famous institution has been killed by the popularity of the twopenny library. There must be many thousands of people all over the country who remember the excitement of their parents when Mudie's weekly box of books arrived. And there are innumerable references, in the literature of the last six or seven decades, to the famous library. Many of the employees who have been given a week's notice have been with Mudie's for more than fifty years.

THE Eton and Harrow match resulted in a decision, which is always something in these days of drawn matches between the big public schools. At the same time, it cannot be denied that Harrow could easily have made it a drawn match if they had wanted to, and that it was only their sporting attempt to force a victory that made it possible for Eton to win. In the last sixteen years there have been twelve drawn matches between Eton and Harrow, and thirteen drawn matches between Eton and Winchester. In the eighty-nine matches between Eton and Harrow before the war, only eighteen were drawn. In the eighty-six matches between Eton and Winchester before the war, only eleven were drawn.

MR. JOHN MONTAGU has been considerably in the news lately. First of all, Lord Castlerosse gave him a big boost by describing how this strong man of Hollywood won a golf match, playing with a baseball bat, a shovel, and a rake. Then stories of his incredible skill came pouring across the Atlantic, and now he has been popped in the "clink" on the charge of being concerned in a hold-up seven years ago. I know nothing about Mr. Montagu's activities of seven years ago, but I frankly disbelieve the claim that he can put a golf ball within ten feet of the hole, at a range of 200 yards, out of any lie, with complete certainty. I would have to see it done before I believed it, and somehow I do not think that I will ever see it done.

Above is a picture taken before one of the headline weddings in the U.S.A. this month—between Commander Earl Winfield Spencer, United States Navy, and Mrs. Norma Reese Johnson, described as a "beautiful society matron." Commander Spencer was the first husband of the Duchess of Windsor; Mrs. Reese Johnson was the widow of a Detroit manufacturer. The wedding was a fortnight ago, and off they went on a motoring honeymoon



President Roosevelt, one of the fathers at the Montagu—Capulet wedding (see right) was pictured making this secret sign to journalists

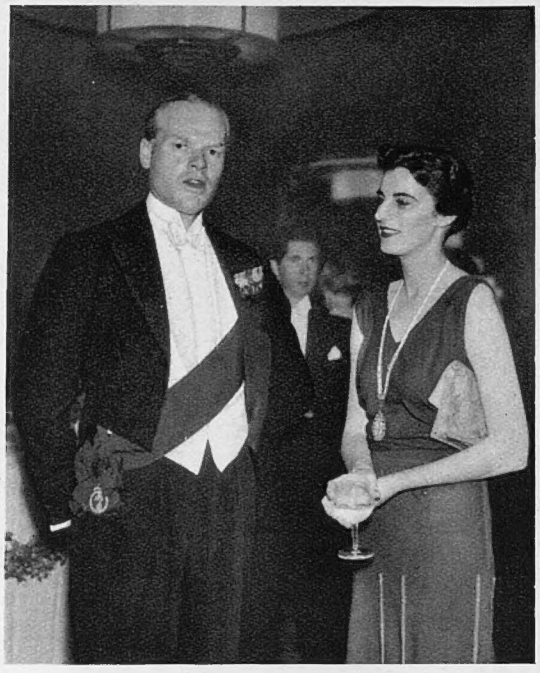
American News-Reel

Franklin D. Roosevelt, junior, was the bridegroom and Ethel Dupont the bride of what was hailed by the Press, to a man, as the Romeo and Juliet wedding. The President and his family and friends filled Christ Church, Wilmington, one side of the aisle; on the other sat the Republican, munition-making Duponts. "Hurry up, men!" said the bridegroom, as he stood in the drizzle for the cameras afterwards

Anthony

Oliver Messel and His Designs for Ballet

Oliver Messel was photographed in his Yeoman's Row studio with the finished design for one of the scenes of the new Lichine ballet, *Francesca da Rimini*, and with sketches for some of the individual dresses. His contribution to this dramatic masque-ballet is very fine, and the whole result is an inspired collaboration between choregrapher and artist. Messel's colour-patterns are beautiful and always relevant; the sultry pinks and reds and browns of the last phase of the ballet, with a tremendous back-ground of arched doorway and melodramatic back-curtain, could not have been bettered as setting for the sinister tragic ending. He has an excellent understanding of the period; he had already worked on an early-Italian theme when he did the settings for the late Irving Thalberg's film of *Romeo and Juliet*. *Francesca da Rimini* is his first work for the ballet and, highly successful as it is, is not likely to be his last



Charity Ball

The Duke of Sutherland was president of the ball and cabaret in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund at Grosvenor House last week. With him is Mrs. "Mike" Wardell

Eton Supporters at Lord's

Lady Warrender has her eldest son, John Warrender, with her. He is sixteen and at Eton; has the strongest possible family likeness to both his parents

Lady Auriel Vaughan, the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Lisburne, is with her sister, Lady Gloria Fisher. Their brother, Lord Vaughan, was at Eton

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

It was the turn of Wales this week. The King and Queen were received there with enormous enthusiasm. Lord Tredegar went to receive them at Newport, and his birthday house-party went down to the gaily decorated gates of Tredegar Park nearby, to wave to the Royal party as they passed. Among those who waved, and at other times swam, played tennis and enjoyed the hot weather, were Lord Carlisle, Lord Annaly, Mr. Chi—the Chinese player—and Mrs. Johnny Dodge.

Out-of-Door Parties

The social experts having agreed that the Coronation Season was either dead or in extremis, the death-scene became as lively, as full of life, as any operatic one. The past ten days have been worthy of high May. They began with a stormy week-end with two very different outdoor affairs the same night. Little Wilts offered the Cecil Beaton-Michael Duff dress-up, very Trianon, and amusingly publicised, almost, in fact, televised.

Hearty Hertfordshire presented a grand turn-out on the same lines at Mrs. Jack Harrison's—Grosvenor Square without the many Harrison daughters would be cheerless indeed. All the young men, the now well-tempered, matured, seasoned debutantes of 1937, the young-marrieds, and the handsome elderlies made a cleverly mixed party, though it was chilly in the floodlit gardens, and one was ready for the marvellous supper.

Turn on the Moon

All this was a mere week-end prelude to an incredible week, ranging from that hardy annual, Mrs. Corrigan's very chic, beautifully devised supper-party, to Lady Moyne's grand ball.

Lady Moyne must be awarded a gold medal for thinking of something really new to amuse her guests, for to our surprise the lights were turned out when we were dancing and a blue floodlight lit up the ball room, while silver and white masks and hats and sombreros—also wands and staffs with bells—were handed out. Thus attired, we danced in the artificial moonlight, feeling that a slight midsummer's madness was very welcome. But when the lights went on, most of us became shy (this was not Wiltshire). Our hats and wands were quickly deposited on the floor.

It was a very select, uncrowded dance. The prettiest girls were Grania Guinness, Lady Peggy Cavendish, and Lady Elizabeth Percy. The Charles Cavendishes were there. The Duke and Duchess of Kent looked in earlier, and the Athlones were there. A grand dinner preceded the ball, and those famous maids looked well in their mediæval dress.

Treasures in a Cellar

Art has lifted its head though this is not the "intelligent" time of the year, and the word went round the cognoscenti to dive into Sotheby's cellars and gaze on the glorious family treasures of the Comtesse Greffuhle and the Duc de Grammont. The former was a great friend of Edward the Seventh.

From the Paris house and the Château de Bois-Boudron came wonders worthy of the Wallace, to be auctioned this week on Thursday and Friday, the greatest excitement there since the Rothschild sale.

Chatelaines of eighteenth-century houses, particularly able to appreciate the tapestries, petit-point, signed meubles and pictures, including among the Watteaus and Fragonards a lovely Stubbs, of all unlikely artists, have been there, for example, Lady Derwent and Lady Dashwood.

Good "Forking"

"Puffin" Asquith made a witty speech, and Lilian Baylis a wise one, in Lady Hambleden's eau-de-nil dining room in Belgrave Square, at the best "forking" of the season. Lady Oxford was marvellous in a black ostrich-feathered hat—very 1870—and tight-green figured silk dress; and others were, apart from de Basil and his ballerine, lovely Mrs. Gladwyn Jebb, who lives in a pent-house on Kent House; Countess (Pauline) Raben, always very chic; Lady Moira Lyttelton, grey hair on such a pretty young face; Lady Violet Bonham Carter, Lady Colefax, off to France; and Mrs. St. John Hutchinson, who had just bought a Matisse at the best picture-show of the moment, at 31, Bruton Street.

We rushed around to see the show, having missed the "private" on principle. We found practically all the latest pictures of the greatest living master of colour, the Renoir of to-day, had been sold. Mrs. Chester Beatty had taken one of the loveliest.

Going-Away Thoughts

Holiday plans are the topic of the hour: the Dalmatian coast is attracting many people, a bumper season is expected on the Riviera, while new converts are thinking of doing a cure after a particularly strenuous season.

Miss Maxine Elliot is one of the most-sought-after hostesses, her villa at Cannes being the ideal refuge of all sun-worshippers.

Lord and Lady Ratendone were among the first of her many visitors, and Mrs. Edythe d'Erlanger is making a long stay. She must be the perfect guest, for, in addition to being very pretty, unaffected and amusing, she plays all games well, and her piano-playing is a joy to listen to.

To Cannes for a Week-End

Last week's heat-wave must have been responsible for many quickly formulated plans. The ordinary round of luncheon- and cocktail-parties, dinner dates, and so on, lose their attraction in an "eighty-in-the-shade" atmosphere. Bathing- and beach-suits seem the only thing to wear, and news of the imminent departure of various friends, who live tidy lives according to plan, make those who are left behind extremely restless.

Mrs. Wilfred Hunter, who gave a big party at Ciro's on Wednesday night, was arranging to fly to Cannes for a week-end before going up to Argyllshire, where her husband has a shoot.

The Ralph Hankés, who were with her, are faithful to Biarritz, and are going there in September. Mrs. Quintin Gilbey, who was also in the same party, is going first to the Black Forest, then to Naples, to stay with the Peter Rodds, and possibly later on to Venice.

The Sixth Anniversary

NEVER has there been a more composed or stately bride than Miss Sammut at her wedding to Mr. Gerard d'Erlanger last week. She is a beautiful girl, without an enemy in the world.

Many of the beautiful assistants from Buck's famous flower shop were at the wedding, and the subsequent reception at Stratton House. There was Mrs. John Player for one, a slim blonde in pale pink, ruby and diamond clips in her little Mercury cap; and Mrs. Eskdale Fishburn for another, a bride of last year, in a chic and simple nigger-brown ensemble; and Mrs. Block, remembered as the lovely Eileen Handley, who said it was the sixth anniversary of her own wedding.

Identical Feather Toques

ANOTHER lovely ex-mannequin friend of the bride was there in the person of Mrs. "Buster" Tongue, whose black dress and flat black hat accentuated her sylph-like figure and natural platinum-blonde hair.

Miss Nora Swinburne, wearing a bunch of "Harrow" cornflowers, told us that she and her husband have sold the little restaurant, "El Patio," that they started so successfully in Soho; and Miss Kay Hammond was bemoaning the fact that the prolonged success of *French Without Tears* makes it impossible for her to contemplate a holiday yet awhile.

We noticed that identical black feather toques were worn by Lady Dashwood and the Duchess of Westminster, whose black taffetas dress was adorned with imposing beige lace.

The Barman is Busy

THREE large cocktail-parties a day is the average that the bar-tender at Dorset House has to cope with. Guests get mixed up, and frequently arrive at the wrong party, a catastrophe that befel Sir Anthony Weldon the other day.

There is one large, attractively furnished show flat that can be taken for the purpose of entertaining, and it makes a much more pleasant background than the usual hotel room. Miss Virginia Cherrill, whose engagement to Lord Jersey has been announced, took this flat the other day, when she gave a party for the Maharanee of Cooch Behar.

The colourful saris worn by the many Indian women present were lovely, and contrasted strangely with the Savile Row clothes of their male relations. The rulers of Mysore, Cooch Behar, and Jaipur (of the laughing eyes) were all there, and we thought the most beautiful girl in the room was Princess Indira Kapurthala, in a bright-red suit with a white hat and shoes. She is the daughter of the Crown Prince, and has embarked on a film career.

Miss Cherrill wore a simple dress of dark-brown chiffon, with a red paisley sash and a quaint little turban which she said was copied from a Bombay policeman!

A Fierce Controversy

CELEBRITIES can be spotted two-a-minute at Prunier's cool fish restaurant. We collided with George Arliss as we entered the other day, joined the throng that were congratulating the Archduke Franz Joseph and the Baroness von Kahler on their engagement, and finally anchored ourselves at a table next to Mr. William Teeling, whose new book is the subject of fierce controversy.

Better than Most

SOME enormous dinner-parties were given at the Dorchester before the Anti-Dud Ball on Tuesday last. Tiaras and long gloves were the order of the evening, and some very formal toilettes were given an airing.

Little Lady Patricia Douglas was in one party, looking very like a sub-deb in a simple white dress. She has wide-apart brown eyes, an enchanting smile, and soft brown hair that flops about in a natural and extremely becoming manner. Lady Warrender was in the same party, wearing a full black dress, with shoulder-straps of white flowers, and Lady Alexandra Haig, who can wear a tiara much better than most girls.

Mrs. Anthony Acton, who was at an adjoining table, wore an interesting dress. It was made of stiff silk in a rich shade known as "billiard-table" green, and was embroidered in white scrolls that appeared to be of braid. A short, but imposing diamond necklace added to the effect.

Lord and Lady Delamere were dining in the restaurant that night, too, in a cool corner near the terrace, and at another table Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Dresselhuys entertained a large party that included Mrs. Yvonne Macdonald, whose grey curls are too good to be true, Lord and Lady Sackville and the Pat Andersons.

MISS PEEPS

Right: Mr. William Barclay Harris and Miss Elizabeth Coates were married at Southwark Cathedral by the Archbishop of York. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Harris, of Moatlands, East Grinstead; the bride is Sir Clive and Lady Celia Coates' younger daughter and the Marquess of Crewe's granddaughter

Wedding Guests

Lady William Scott, Lady Margaret Egerton, Miss Grizel Stewart, and Mrs. Balfour were four of the many Scots at the Trotter-Murray wedding last week. Lady William Scott married the Duchess of Gloucester's brother a month or two ago

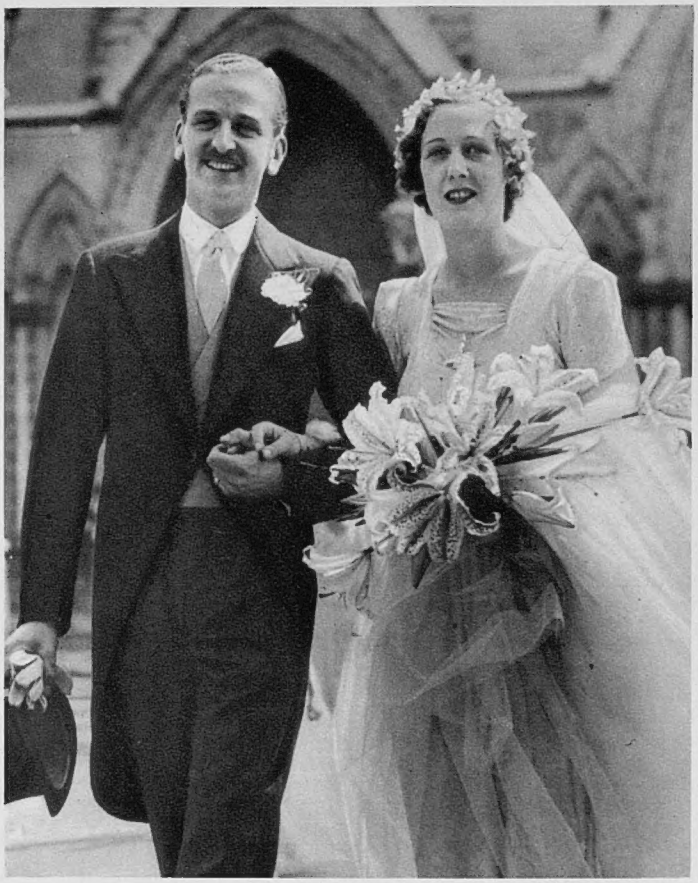
A Cathedral Wedding

Racing in Scotland, at the Musselburgh Meeting to Which the King and Queen Went

Right: the Hon. Mrs. Duthac Carnegie is with Mrs. Edward Stevenson, whose husband, Captain Stevenson, is Purse Bearer to the King when the Court is in Scotland

Right centre: Lady Stewart-Clark was in a black suit, with blouse and lapels of patterned yellow and black

Far right: Mrs. Ian Pitman (Helen Lowe that was) is talking to the bearded Earl of Glasgow. He used to be in the Navy, retired as a Captain after the war



Lord Walpole and Miss Nancy Jones

Lord Walpole, only son of the late Horatio Spencer Walpole and Mrs. Walpole, of Wolterton Park, Norwich, married Nancy Louisa Jones, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Harding Jones, of Housham Tye, Harlow, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Lord Walpole is the ninth Baron Walpole of Walpole, and succeeded to the title as a descendant of the brother of the first Earl of Orford (1806 creation)

Capt. Bernard and the Hon. Ursula Vivian

Another St. Margaret's wedding last week was between Captain the Hon. Charles Bernard, 43rd Light Infantry, and the Hon. Ursula Vivian. He is Lord Bandon's twin brother and heir, son of the late Lieut.-Col. R. P. H. Bernard and the Hon. Mrs. Charles Littleton; she is the late Lord Swansea and Lady Swansea's eldest daughter

Weddings of the Week

Mr. G. d'Erlanger and Miss Gladys Sammut

Gerard d'Erlanger and Gladys Sammut were married at the Church of the Assumption, Warwick Street. He is the son of the banking millionaire, Baron E. B. d'Erlanger and Baroness d'Erlanger, of Stratton House, Piccadilly; she is the late Major H. J. Sammut and Mrs. Sammut's daughter

Mr. Henry Trotter and Miss Rona Murray

Henry Redvers Trotter, Colonel and Lady Edith Trotter's eldest son, married Rona Murray at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. She is the only daughter of the late W. R. Murray and Mrs. Murray, of 43, Sloane Gardens, S.W. The Duchess of Gloucester sent a wedding present, and the Dean of Windsor, the bridegroom's cousin, officiated

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 29

Donald Budge

IN these days of high-powered sport it is very pleasant to find a champion of any game who is not as volatile as a prima ballerina, as hypochondriac as a prima donna, as uncharitable as a Pharisee and as spoilt as a dachshund. Donald Budge, California's poppy-haired offering to the world of lawn tennis, is completely modest and unaffected, though adulation on and off the courts such as he receives would go to the head of most older and less colourful people. He genuinely avoids publicity. No doubt it is his dour Glaswegian blood which saves him. For his father was a professional football player who made quite a name for himself with Third Lanark and the Glasgow Rangers before he emigrated to America and became the manager of one of the most successful laundries in California. Donald, now aged twenty-two, was born at Oakland and has a brother and sister with equally scarlet hair. It was the brother who first took an interest in his lawn tennis and coached him in the public parks when Donald was only nine years old. No tennis was permitted at school, but he used to play assiduously after hours, and for two or three years Tom Stow, a professional coach at Claremont, also took a technical interest in him.

HIS first puppy success was in the California State Championships for boys under fifteen. From this he went on to win the National Junior Championships, beating his boon companion, Gene Mako, in the final. So good was he that within a year he was ranked No. 9 in the United States. Nineteen-thirty-four was the first year that he went East, and he fought his way into the last sixteen. The following year Bitsy Grant beat him in the quarter finals over there, while Von Cramm defeated him at Wimbledon in the semi-finals. Last year in the American Championship he was leading 5—3 in the final set when Perry pulled out something extra and temporarily barred his way to the Championship. It was Perry who also beat him at Wimbledon.

With Fred safely professionalised, Donald Budge has at last come into his own, and until he, too, turns professional, he can be regarded as a worthy champion. (He tells me that he will not turn professional this year. Beyond that he would not commit himself.) Meantime he has become a swing-music fan. Jimmy Dorsey is his favourite tenor saxophonist. Ray Bauduc is his ideal trap-drummer. Bob Crosby's is his favourite band. ("I prefer doubles to singles, and listening to swing music is more fun than either.")

DONALD BUDGE is not superstitious because he finds it doesn't pay. He says he is fancy free, and still in business for himself. He never smokes nor drinks; sleeps like a baby; drinks barrels of Coca-Cola; has a passion for spaghetti; admires Erroll Flynn most of all the male film stars, and always goes to see a film in which Virginia Bruce or Olivia de Havilland appear. He is 6 foot 1½ inches; weighs 174 pounds; and studied accountancy at the University of California until he was asked to play for the U.S. in the Davis Cup matches; since when he has not had to do a stroke of work except with his 15-ounce tennis racket. And why not? You are only young once and you don't have to join the Oxford Group to see the world in comfort. Donald Budge is, in fact, a really nice kid on top of the world. But luckily he does not know what is coming to him. You see, he is just about to take up golf. **Charles Graves**

The Theatre

"They Came By Night" (Globe)

Vine Street Vintage: Henry Caine

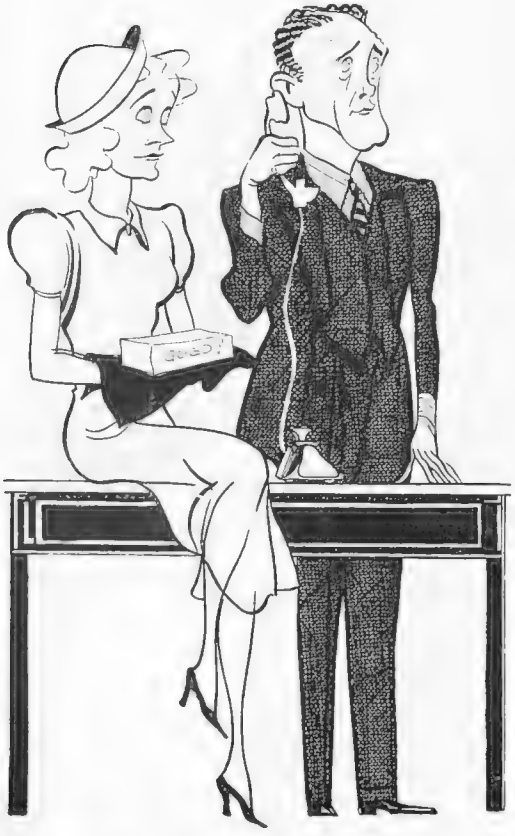
BARRÉ LYNDON has the Edgar Wallace knack of making highly improbable crook drama so exciting to follow that anyone who troubles to check up on it afterwards notes the improbabilities without the slightest sense of having been cheated. Unlike his master, he pretends to no special knowledge of Scotland Yard, and the rookeries of Limehouse, Wapping or wherever the modern Alsatia happens to be. His method is to invent an eccentric character and let his eccentricity lead him into the clutches of criminals who behave as criminals always have behaved on the stage. In the case of *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse,* it was a humorously insane doctor who burgled with the strictly scientific purpose of registering his own physical reactions to danger; in *They Came by Night,* which is likely to stay at the Globe Theatre for a long while, it is a respectable West End jeweller whose fantastic carelessness in matters of business exposes him to blackmail by a gang of thieves who appoint him their official "fence."

THE first act is much better than the rest of the play, but since it takes up half the evening there is no great harm in that. Its ingenuity is made good by the humorous sincerity with which Owen Nares plays the pottering jeweller. Clearly it is only the accident of heredity which has made John Fothergill the head of an old-established business. He enjoys designing new settings for old jewels and he enjoys still more telephoning instalments of a bed-time story to a sick nephew, but he cannot bear to look at his accounts, which are beginning to spell bankruptcy, and he takes as read the lists of stolen goods that issue periodically from Scotland Yard. Already the police have convicted him of carelessness, but his own sense of integrity is too strong to let the trifling occurrence disturb him, and he cheerfully bandies civilities with the unlikely detective who ostentatiously keeps an eye on him. He is in love, and of course he sells without question pieces of jewellery bequeathed to Sally by an Aunt Zillah whose name she cannot remember to have heard. Thus is the ground prepared for Carl Vollaire, who arrives at the most awkward possible moment with the exuberant personality of Cees Laseur, to point out that since the respectable jeweller has already passed so much "swag" through his hands, he may as well—indeed, he must—dispose of some colossal weight of bullion which is about to be abstracted from the strong-room of a bank.

A TISSUE of improbabilities, as you see, but so attractively are they invented and acted that they keep the audience in a constant state of amused suspense. Owen Nares is terribly well-meaning and terribly harassed, and Satan always makes a well-judged intervention just as he is about to do the sensible thing, and boldly confess his predicament to the police. He gets deeper and deeper, for insisting on telephoning the night's instalment of the fairy-tale to his sick nephew from the thieves' headquarters, something in his narrative reveals that he has a plan to extricate himself, and Carl Vollaire promptly insists that he must accompany the gang on their safe-blowing expedition. This admirable piece of comedy brings the first act to an end.

MORE open to cavil is Fothergill's attempt to learn how burglar alarms work. He tempts a teetotal safe-maker to try the effects of neat whisky in the interests of his forthcoming temperance lecture, and here the author's impudence shines rather too plainly through the humour, and the tension sags in consequence. But the blowing of the strong-room door is a good scene in its kind. The dénouement would be unsatisfactory in the hands of less competent actors, but as things are, it just serves. All the same, Edgar Wallace would have hesitated long before he sacrificed his hero's whole character to the needs of a final curtain. John Fothergill has won our sympathy because he was entirely respectable, but when the adventure is over he is still on the edge of bankruptcy. The author allows him and the heroine calmly to purloin a bar of bullion which the police have strangely overlooked in their search for stolen goods. This is not only a crime, but a blunder.

A. V. C.



Gentlemen: Ursula Jeans and Owen Nares

Sketches by Rouson

Players: David Burns, Cees Laseur and Alexander Field

Cannons of Hollywood

Ursula Constable-Maxwell—Scottish Sculptress

The original of this "after-Gainsborough" photograph is a serious artist; as a sculptor she has worked as an apprentice to Frank Dobson, and learnt drawing with John Skeaping whose murals decorate the British Pavilion in Paris. Her latest portrait-busts are of the Duchess of Norfolk, Mrs. Charles Sweeny, and H. B. Warner, who came from Hollywood to play Melbourne in the film *Queen Victoria*. Miss Ursula Constable-Maxwell is the youngest of the eleven children of the Hon. Bernard and Mrs. Constable-Maxwell, of Farlie House, Beauly, Inverness-shire, and a first cousin of the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Eldon, and Lord Lovat. She is twenty-six this year

Paris Presents a New Technique for Living

A Survey of the Exhibition

By Derek Patmore

DESPITE delays and strikes, the present International Exhibition, now complete in all the main essentials, is undoubtedly the most important manifestation of the modern spirit in architecture, decoration, and new ways of living, yet displayed to the world. The exhibition is a triumphant vindication of modernism. It shows that modern art and architecture, instead of dying as many people seem to suppose, is very much alive. Indeed, the whole Exhibition is so full of new ideas, new uses for materials, new ways of lighting, that it may take some time for all the tendencies to take root.

At a first glance, many of the pavilions are disappointing. Whilst practically all the exteriors are new and different, the interior displays in many cases seem to lack imagination and novelty. The furnished rooms shown in such pavilions as Denmark, Sweden, Belgium, Great Britain, offer few new ideas in interior decoration. Each country seems to be content to exhibit the best materials and furniture which they can produce, without trying to show anything revolutionary.

A SECOND visit changes this disappointing first impression, for it then appears that, although much of the design and use of furniture is traditional, the Exhibition as a whole does offer some astonishing suggestions for future ways of living. It seems to indicate that a future generation will live in quite a different manner from that which is prevalent to-day.

First of all, materials such as glass, tiles, and plastics will take the place of woods in the making of household furniture. This may sound absurd, but take a walk round this Exhibition, and soon you will begin to understand what I mean. At least half the buildings are constructed of glass and metal. There is one house made entirely of glass bricks, and several of the outstanding rooms are furnished with metal and glass furniture.

A dining-room designed by E. Kolmann for the Studio Louvre shows how attractive this new furniture can be. In this room, the chairs and table are made of glass supported on painted wrought-iron frames. The colour scheme used with this glass furniture is white and gold.

THE next surprise in the Exhibition is the Sèvres Pavilion. Here, the manufacturers of Sèvres porcelain offer a whole series of rooms entirely furnished and decorated in coloured china. Made in relief and in tiles, this modern Sèvres is quite revolutionary in technique, and it is extremely decorative and colourful.

I particularly liked a modern nursery decorated with coloured glazed china and tiles, and there is a small dining-room with cream plaster walls and pink woodwork, and entirely furnished with Sèvres china furniture, which is one of the most beautiful modern rooms I have ever seen. Here the floor is inlaid with a modern design in

On the left is a country-house living room in the Swedish Pavilion in which bright blue and yellow are used against a cream background

Above is a group of Swedish furnishing fabrics, showing interesting new weaves and textures, produced by Astrid Sampe, Hultberg

Below: the interior of the Dutch Pavilion, showing the large and elaborate mural painting, and an attractive wrought-iron design

Right: the hall of the Portuguese Pavilion, showing the decorative use of mural painting. Coloured tiles form a border round the base of the plaster walls

brown, cream, and blue tiles. The furniture itself consists of chairs made in the shape of coloured Sèvres figures, each of which support pink upholstered seats. The table is made of mirror with a china base, and the hanging lights are made in mirror-glass and white china. Two standard lamps have lights concealed in white porcelain flames set on mirror bases.

COLOURED tiles seem to be used everywhere in this Exhibition. There are tiled panels in the Yugo-Slavian, Hungarian, Roumanian, Portugese, Egyptian, German and many other national pavilions, whilst many of the buildings show the great decorative possibilities of mural paintings.

Does this Exhibition indicate any new trends in interior decoration? Yes, it shows that modern decoration is becoming more luxurious. Plaster decorations are used everywhere. Marble, coloured glass, wood panelling, polished metals, are much employed, and the dominant style seems to be a modern interpretation of the Baroque.

THE scope of this Exhibition is so vast that it is impossible to give a detailed description of everything which should be seen. But here are some of the outstanding exhibits.

See the British Pavilion, which, behind a modest exterior, presents an astonishing display of all aspects of British life. In this aspect it is among the most successful buildings in the entire Exhibition. The British book display is particularly fine; so is the show of British furnishing fabrics. The furnished rooms are attractive without being inspired. In fact, the only criticism to be levelled at the British Pavilion is that it lacks any sense of luxury. When we possess such talented designers as Oliver Messel and Rex Whistler, it seems a pity that they were not invited to design several displays. Looking at this pavilion, the foreigner must think that the British are a very simple, sport-loving race, who have no use for the elegant luxury so characteristic of all the French pavilions. Ironically, we retrieve our national prestige with the Buttery, which is one of the best restaurants in the Exhibition.

See the huge jewelled map of Russia which is one of the most remarkable exhibits in the Soviet building.

See the Pavilion de l'Elégance, which houses a lavish display of Paris fashions, set in a fantastic pink plaster decor.

See the Hungarian Pavilion, where there is a lovely blue hall lit by huge stained-glass windows; and look at the Hungarian fabrics, outstanding for colour and design.

Visit the Belgian building, for it contains a beautiful garden framed in black marble, and it also contains a fine series of modern furnished rooms.

The Swedish Pavilion contains some exquisite glass, beautiful rough-woven fabrics, and an attractive series of country-house rooms.

See the Salon de la Lumière, which houses a wide display of new methods of lighting. The building itself is very attractive, and the displays of lighting fixtures by Serge Roche, Veronese, Bagues and Eugene Printz, show how beautiful modern methods of lighting can be.

Go to the Palais de la Decouverte, for this houses a wonderful series of scientific exhibits which includes amazing reconstructions of the stars, experiments with radium, and the decoration of the building itself looks as if it had stepped out of the pages of *The Shape of Things to Come*.

See the Museum of Modern Art, as this is arranged in a beautiful modern building, and on no account miss the great show of L'Art Française, as this contains one of the most magnificent displays of French painting ever brought together.

The Austrian Pavilion is entirely faced with glass; it is thoroughly representative of the new architecture in the Exhibition

The Norwegian Pavilion constructed of metal and glass gives an idea of the immense decorative possibilities of these materials

THEN there is the lighter side of the Exhibition. The lay-out of the pavilions and the arrangement of the many gardens and fountains are superb. Lit up at night by means of concealed and coloured light, the Exhibition is an unforgettable sight. Coloured fountains play on the Seine, the sky is aglow with light, the air is full of music and the cascade of the fountains, and yet, once again, the French show the rest of the world that no other nation understands the arts of display as well as they do.

A great feature of the Exhibition is all the different restaurants. Outstandingly good are the German and Italian restaurants. Both are situated on terraces overlooking the river, and both are madly expensive. The Buttery is smart and extremely well run. The Argentine boat-restaurant is exotic, and for the romantically minded, there are the Hungarian and Roumanian restaurants, where, set among softly lit trees, one can sit and listen dreamily to tzigane orchestras.

UNDOUBTEDLY, the most beautiful of all great exhibitions, this *Exposition des Arts et Techniques dans la Vie Moderne* offers a tantalising glimpse of how the modern world should live. Despite its faults, it presents a gay, luxurious and colourful picture, and shows that, given the opportunity, modern design, and the new use of materials, such as glass, metal and china, can create a setting which is worthy to be placed beside the great period styles of the past.

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

National Custodians

No. 6. Colonel Mackintosh, Director of the Science Museum

You only need to look once at this photograph to know that Colonel Ernest Elliot Buckland Mackintosh is a soldier. From Eton he went to the R.M.A. at Woolwich and got his commission in the Sappers in 1899. And until five years ago if you had told him he would finish up as director of a museum he would not have believed you. His first big job with the Army was on the building of Port Sudan, when he was A.D.C. to the Sirdar and Governor-General of the Sudan (a double office long since abolished). He was a captain when war broke out: by the end of it he had his majority, a D.S.O., and the Legion of Honour. From 1930-32 he was at the War Office, then for a year Chief Engineer of the Eastern Command. Next year came the chance of the directorship at the Science Museum, where organising power rather than academic brilliance was needed, and so, at the age of fifty-three, Colonel Mackintosh retired from the Army and moved headquarters to Exhibition Road. His charge is in the news at the moment because of the queues waiting to see the television exhibition

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

TAKING a swingeing crack at the British Pavilion in the Paris Exhibition, Mr. Alfred C. Bossom, the eminent architect, says its "inexpressive white stucco" reminds him of a riding-school, an aerodrome, or one of those big new factories along the Great West Road. Which is exactly what we were told last week by a man just back from the Exposition. He wanted us to publish this fact, but we said no, it wouldn't be good form. However, now an authority like Mr. Bossom has said it, anybody can join in.

Having viewed the undistinguished exterior of the Pavilion, the visitor steps inside to be confronted by a wall, says Mr. Bossom, "hung with serried rows of lawn-tennis rackets," which gives the foreigner a good idea of our principal national preoccupation and our curious enslavement to the Ball. (They should have been cricket-bats, surely?) Another thing which Mr. Bossom deems idiotic is the display, on the very threshold, of a selection of women's dresses designed and made in England and exhibited in the heart of the Capital of La Mode. The result of this and a lot more striking ineptness is that (as our friend also reported) visitors of every nationality stroll past the British Pavilion with perhaps a cursory glance inside and pass on to crowd the pavilions of other nations. It's just one more manifestation of the Jolly Old British Muddle we're all so proud of, and it makes Mr. Bossom, and a lot more people, rather sad. We're capable of better things, he says; quite properly.

There's just one ray of sunshine amid the clouds; namely, the invariable and amusing procedure when a building of this kind is constructed for almost any International Exhibition. The procedure is that photographs of the British Pavilion from every angle appear in the *Times*, the *Post*, the *Telegraph*, and other leading organs, amid expressions of unqualified enthusiasm evoked by its beauty, dignity, and worth, approving pats on the back for the architects and everyone concerned, and a general choral hymn of complacency and self-praise. A few weeks afterwards some Critic of Extreme Importance rises up and says angrily that the whole thing is lousy to a degree and we ought to be ashamed of ourselves, and everybody at once says how right he is, the whole thing is excessively lousy, and why didn't somebody do something about it? Which is comic and very true to Life.

Idioms. No. 4

"Il s'est mis la corde au cou"
"He's got spliced"

"Now what about your insomnia?"

Les Tower Boys

ANOTHER national æsthetic problem which is worrying a few people to death at the moment is the faces of the Yeomen of the Guard, which are mostly clean-shaven, whereas with that Tudor ruff beards of some sort are essential. The ruff, according to one authority, was introduced at George IV.'s coronation, when a lot of odd and even obscene ideas about costume were in circulation. The First Gentleman himself wore some peculiar uniforms at times, including that full-dress array of a Highland chieftain with all the trimmings which staggered Edinburgh on one occasion. The point about the Yeomen's ruff is that it is late sixteenth-century, whereas their costume is late-seventeenth, a thing which is now causing purists to cry aloud in great agony and travail of spirit.

Three courses are open: (*a*) to keep the ruff, correct the Yeomen's costume to late Tudor, and re-introduce compulsory beards, either natural or attached by elastic; (*b*) to abolish the ruff in favour of the kind of linen or lace collar proper to their present costume, and make the compulsory beards of the peaked or Richelieu type, with mustachios; and (*c*) to make a clean sweep and dress the Yeomen as clean-shaven Japanese firemen, which would stop all grumbling and make a nice change for everybody.

Vicky Vogue

"AT last! At last!" said bearded Mr. Laurence Housman brokenly, making his curtain speech at the first West End night of *Victoria Regina*, the New York success. The audience cheered emotionally, like stockbrokers on Derby Day, and next morning a London evening paper started publishing one of the Victoria plays, or episodes, a day. Whether they've fixed a limit we can't discover. If they haven't, the series may go on for ever, being by all accounts inexhaustible. This wouldn't matter if it weren't for the fact that what sounds so perfectly charming on the stage reads in cold print, up to now, like the domestic discussions and tiffs of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, a nice, rather dull suburban Germanic couple who happen to live in Windsor Castle.

The depths of impotence to which our satiric stage has sunk may be gauged by the fact that if these plays had been produced a little before the War, when the great Pelissier and his Follies held the Apollo Theatre, they'd be now guying the Victoria series so richly and crazily that half London would be sick with laughter. (For example, starting

with that beautiful authentic line in the episode called *Leading Strings*, in which the Queen says: "Albert! You forget yourself!"). Before getting to this stage the Follies would have had trouble, naturally, with the Censor, the Lyric Theatre management, Messrs. J. B. Pinker, the powerful literary agents who hold the copyright, Mr. Housman, and a few dozen other people interested. Pelissier was used to tussles of this kind. When angry rivals fired writs at him—he always warned his victims politely in advance—he generally produced something the same night a hundred per cent. madder, wittier, more ruthless, and legally untouchable than his original idea. An outstanding instance was his "potted" version of *An Englishman's Home*, a very serious play on the German invasion scare, full of melodrama and hyper-patriotic excitement. The Censor having banned the projected Follies' version on the very morning before production, Pelissier played it just the same at night, but *behind the curtain*—bumps, bangs, screams, yells, oaths, and every kind of noise and upheaval magnified fifty per cent. The West End audience of the period (which seems to have been more intelligent than it is now), gave him full marks, quite rightly.

Decline and Fall

THIS new "soup-plate" bomb the French have just brought out is said by their experts to spell the death of the Tank as a war-machine. It looks like a cross between a soup-plate and a gramophone-disc, and when hurled at advancing tanks or strewn like rose-leaves in their way it is said to blow them smash-O. This being so, the most spectacular thing—and a British invention—the War produced is finished. When our first fifty tanks went into action at Flers and elsewhere on the Somme in September 1916 everybody thought the War was as good as over. Their legend spread like fire that month among the pop-eyed troops in other sectors. The tanks were as big as houses. They were as big as cathedrals. They carried 57 guns apiece. They just rolled over the German line and flattened out everything. Then we got used to them. Later, at Third Ypres, they stuck in the hellish mud, like everybody else. But generally speaking they were a decided success—the French model did wonders at Soissons in 1918—even when the first shock of surprise was over, and even though the Germans quickly got their measure with better and better armour-piercing guns. (The Germans themselves were able to make very few tanks of their own, and those were too clumsy to be much good.)

By degrees tanks grew smaller and more mobile, like Alice after eating the cake, and nearly every civilised country has spent millions in perfecting them. The new French bomb, apparently, will make all this trouble and expense of no avail. Speaking of which expense, we came on a sweet sentence in a recent article on the Third Battle of Ypres in one of the reviews. "The preliminary bombardment at Ypres, which had cost £22,000,000," said the author nonchalantly, and passed on to higher things. Makesya think, eh? Ha, ha.

Artist-Décoratif

LORD STRABOLGI'S new Hairdressing Bill, if it becomes law, will elevate the most best money-coining occupation of the day to the status of a profession, abolish the term "barber," register all hairdressers, and appoint a Hairdressing Board with, apparently, all the disciplinary powers of the General Medical Council and the Law Society.

Strictly speaking, this isn't a social step up, but a step back to the Middle Ages, when the Guild of Barber-Surgeons was pretty important and your barber had the right by law to bleed you, treat you for boils, spots and pimples, and perform simple minor operations like dressing wounds and setting fractures. Of these privileges only one remains to-day, as we need hardly point out to you: that of bleeding very (properly) rich women who simply couldn't live a day without their five-guinea appointment with dear Alphonse. On the other hand, since your modern fashionable hair-artist probably knows as many terrible Society secrets as the old family lawyer, Lord Strabolgi's Bill is merely recognising and confirming his present influence and social position.

The interesting thing about the barber (to use the old-fashioned word while it 's still in circulation) is that all through the ages, East and West, he 's been recognised as and denounced as a chatterbox. There 's a barber in the *Arabian Nights*, for example, who drives everybody crazy with his endless babble. The French have a slang verb *barber*, to bore, also *raser*, to bore, derived from this same propensity. The legend has, of course, been grossly overdone. The average men's barber to-day is a quiet, efficient craftsman who doesn't force conversation on you. Nor does he—as he always does in old volumes of *Punch*—try to blackmail you into buying half the shop. The inference one is apt to make from such evidence is that such things never occurred at all. Perhaps they did, just occasionally. Anyway, Lord Strabolgi's Hairdressing Board will probably see to these things, and Bond Street may ere long stand amazed at the sight of a hairdresser, struck off the rolls for unprofessional conduct, stumbling blindly along with his bag of combs and scissors, a broken man.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Well—what an extraordinary coincidence!"

Arnold Dolmetsch Tunes a New Virginal

The virginal had just been moved from the workshop where it was made into the music room at the Dolmetsches' Haslemere home, and there Arnold Dolmetsch gave it its final tuning. Some of the instruments used by the family are old ones which they have put in working order, some are new, made in their own workshop. Arnold Dolmetsch learnt the craft of instrument-making from his father

Cecile Dolmetsch Varnishes a Rebec

Cecile is one of Arnold Dolmetsch's two daughters. The rebec, which is particularly suited to dance music, was widely used in Europe during the Middle Ages. A similar type of instrument is still used among folk dancers in Poland

Make Your Lute and Sing . . .

The Dolmetsch Family and Some of Their Ancient Musical Instruments

Ten days ago Arnold Dolmetsch received official recognition of his services to music and especially English music of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in the shape of a Civil List pension. The Dolmetsch Festival at Haslemere has been an annual musical event since 1925, but for thirty-five years before that Mr. Dolmetsch had been giving concerts of old English music on the instruments for which it was written. George Moore described these concerts and their Bohemian audiences in his novel, *Evelyn Innes*. Dolmetsch is of Swiss origin, was born in France in 1858, and studied music in Brussels and London. In 1889 he came on the immense collection of old English music in the British Museum to which he has devoted his life. His wife, two sons, two daughters, son-in-law, daughter-in-law, and two of his three grandchildren work with him at Haslemere. Their present Festival lasts until July 31st

Mrs. Dolmetsch and Her Husband Play Lutes

Mrs. Dolmetsch is English; she married Arnold Dolmetsch in 1903. On the right is Carl Dolmetsch, their younger son, finishing recorders for the Festival which began last Monday. He is using the old bow-drill for boring a hole

"Quality Street"

Barrie's Gentle Play Filmed in Hollywood

Quality Street ran for over 450 performances when it was first produced in London, in 1902. Fay Compton played in the 1921 revival, and counts Phœbe Throssel as the favourite of all her parts. Now Katherine Hepburn has got it. It is her second Barrie character; two years ago she played Lady Babbie in *The Little Minister* (another Fay Compton rôle), when opinions were divided as to the merits of her performance. As also to the wisdom of filming Barrie at all, and the possibility of translating the pastel tones he used into another medium without turning them either garish or sickly. *Quality Street* is pastel of pastel, gentle in sentiment, humour, and situation. George Stevens as director has had the task of reproducing its old-fashioned charm on the screen. The film goes to the New Gallery in a day or two

Left: Franchot Tone as Valentine Brown and Katherine Hepburn as Phœbe Throssel are co-starred as the Barrie hero and heroine

The Throssel sisters, Susan and Phœbe, lose most of their money and turn themselves into village school-marms. Fay Bainter plays Susan Throssel

The innocently deceitful Phœbe, who loves the dashing Valentine Brown, gives Katherine Hepburn a most charming part

Patty, maid to the Misses Throssel, is played by Cora Witherspoon, and Eric Blore takes the part of the impudent joking Sergeant who has an eye for the girls, old and young

Baron

Major Beith and Mr. Hay

Both as Major John Hay Beith, soldier and man-about-town, and as Ian Hay, author and playwright, he has been very busy lately. A member of the Royal Company of Archers, whose uniform, with its feathered and cockaded bonnet, he is wearing in the picture, Major Beith was on duty throughout the King's visit to Scotland. And that cut into his heavy activities as Ian Hay, with one play running, another in rehearsal, and a book half written. The play running is *Housemaster*, which Ian Hay adapted from his own book of that name: it is now at the Aldwych, after a spasmodic stop and re-start, and goes to America in October with Lee Schubert, when the author will probably accompany it to supervise production. The play coming is Firth Shephard's production of *The Gusher*, a successor to the triumphant run of *The Frog* (by Ian Hay out of Edgar Wallace). The book, promised for October, is a history of the British Army from the standpoint of the rank and file. Sixty-one years old, Ian Hay published his first book nine years after leaving St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1898, and it seems that he becomes more active and more successful with the progress of time

Doubrovska's Legs and Feet are Famous for Their Perfection

Lichine and Doubrovska are Dancing "Blue

Photographs by Anthony

Felia Doubrovska and Her Husband, Pierre Vladimiroff, a Great Classical Teacher

Lichine is Choregrapher of the New

In Practice Dress

Felia Doubrovska and David Lichine, of the de Basil Ballet, Photographed at Rehearsal

Bird" Together

Lichine's new ballet, *Francesca da Rimini*, was given for the first time last Thursday. It is the biggest thing this young choregrapher has yet attempted; he has spent months studying the period, in Italy, in museums, in books. Tchernicheva takes the chief part as Francesca, Petroff is Paolo; the music is Tchaikowsky's, and Oliver Messel has designed the decor and dresses

st *Ballet*

Pierre Vladimiroff, Doubrovska's husband, has come from America, where he has had a studio for some years, to take special classes for classical work with the de Basil company. He was premier danceur at the Maryinsky Theatre in St. Petersburg after Nijinsky left; later was with Diaghileff, and was Pavlova's last partner

Felia Doubrovska appeared at Covent Garden last week in one of her most famous parts, in the *Blue Bird* pas de deux. Lichine, who also gives a fine performance in this pas de deux, is her partner. Doubrovska is with the de Basil company this season as a guest artist, and is also dancing in *Sylphides*, and possibly in *Lac des Cygnes*. She was trained at the Imperial School in St. Petersburg, and was already known in Russia before she joined Diaghileff. She was one of the Fairies, and Pierre Vladimiroff, her husband, was Prince Charming in Diaghileff's splendid failure, *The Sleeping Princess*, in 1921. But although she is a superb classical dancer, she made her biggest success in the creation of modern rôles, in *The Prodigal Son* and *Pastorale* among others. Haskell has described her as "the severely classical Doubrovska, looking like a Madonna, but with a very great sense of humour"

Greek Frieze Disguised as the British Army

With the Services

The Army, No. 4

The Royal Engineers

The " gas " picture in last week's issue was taken with this same unit, the Royal Engineers (3rd Division) at Wyke Regis. Now the poisonous fumes have cleared away and the men emerge into God's open air once more. With the same motto as the Gunners—" Ubique "—the Sappers not only perform military duties in the field, but undertake civil jobs all over the Empire. Submarine mining, aeronautics, mechanical transport and signalling had their origins in the Corps. Bridge-building is one of their most important duties in war-time; often upon its speed and efficiency lies the balance between achievement and annihilation

Building a Bridge at Wyke Regis, Dorset

Imagine a deserted stretch of water anywhere in the world. Up come the Royal Engineers with their lorries, pontoons, planks, ropes, and after an hour or two of frantic activity in which every man has and does his job, the bridge is ready for the attacking columns of infantry, the commissariat and the guns. Those padded life-jackets must make nice summer wear for this work. The men get two shillings a day, all found

Below: *Pontoon Anchors*

"Jolly fine boatin' weather"

Lady Weymouth and Lord Antrim were dancing in the barn-ballroom to Jack Harris's music

Lady Queensberry and Mr. John Russell (his clothes suited their act) danced Russian fashion on the floodlit lawn

A Romp in the Country

Cecil Beaton and Sir Michael Duff Give a Fête Champêtre

Miss Olga Lynn was a member of Lord Berners' troupe who played John Sutro's mock-Restoration comedy on the terrace

Lord Moore in brocade and satin looked a fine dandy beside his demurely rural wife

There was even a see-saw: Lady Mary Dunn, shepherd-boy-David in her blue smock, sat on it

Lady Caroline Paget, in a red and white striped bustle dress and tilted boater, met a faun in the shrubbery—the Hon. David Herbert

Plaster fauns and cupids (and A.A. men) showed the way to Ashcombe, Cecil Beaton's house on the Wiltshire Downs, where he and Sir Michael Duff gave their fête-champêtre party. The co-hosts each wore three different dresses during the evening, to set the note of extravagant fantasy for the whole affair. Even the photographers wore smocks. The genuinely rural thing was the weather—cool and damp

Films of the Day

Decline, But Not Yet Fall: By George Campbell

"THE GOOD OLD SOAK" calls for the pen of a philosopher, skilled in the anatomy of melancholy. Only yesterday Wallace Beery was one of the two or three greatest stars in the world. Pictures like *Min and Bill, The Champ, The Secret Six* and *Hell Divers* were sensations. To-day *The Good Old Soak* shares double-feature billing with a feeble British farce, and is off almost before the fans have had time to notice it. Here, surely, Sir Thomas Browne would have found a text for a resounding essay on the mutability of public favour, the sad impermanence of fame.

I don't mean merely that *The Good Old Soak* is a bad picture. "They can't all be good," explained Groucho Marx to the camera, after a wisecrack had missed fire; and the same is true of pictures. But the point is that *The Good Old Soak* is *not* an ambitious picture gone wrong. It is every bit as good as anybody could have hoped it would be. It is, frankly, a modest programmer (as distinct from a super); it cost, at a guess, £40,000 or £50,000; and within its limitations this hackneyed oleograph of the drunkard's redemption is well enough made.

The disturbing thing, from Mr. Beery's point of view, is that it should have been made at all—anyway, that it should have been made with a star on whose productions, only a little while ago, were lavished anything up to a million dollars and all the resources in the way of literary, acting and directing talent that the wealthiest studios in the world could afford.

The obvious explanation is that Mr. Beery is no longer the draw he used to be. *Tout passe, tout change.* Bob Montgomery has turned murderer. Vamps like Myrna Loy and Jean Arthur have made good as light comédiennes. New menaces—Akim Tamiroff and Humphrey Bogart—have come along. Wallace Beery has clung too long to a few familiar tricks and allowed himself to become typed. Yet I cannot help feeling that M.-G.-M.'s defeatist attitude is premature. There is plenty of box-office life in the old dog yet.

A STOCK alibi for bad pictures is that there are not enough stories. One wonders how many producers read, and what. Only a pretty limited range can account for the regularity with which stock favourites are trotted out while stories just as famous and (one would have thought) just as *photogénique*, are neglected. *Les Miserables, The Three Musketeers, Michael Strogoff*—these, for Hollywood, comprise the better part of French literature, just as Russia's literary output is summed up in *Anna Karenina* (beautifully translated to the silent screen as *Love*), *Resurrection* and *Crime and Punishment.*

Now Radio have made *Michael Strogoff* again, with Anton Walbrook as the courier entrusted by the Czar with papers for the Governor of Irkutsk, threatened at the moment by a Tartar rebellion. The Governor is an imbecile who accepts a fake courier, neglects the most elementary rules of war and leaves his weakest gate wholly unguarded on the advice of the treacherous impostor.

The courier isn't much better. He contrives to get involved with a woman whom you and I recognise first pop as a spy (but then we have the unfair advantage of knowing Margot Grahame); he is whipped, and struck on the head with a blunt instrument, and nearly drowned, and taken prisoner, and forced to deny his mother, and tortured by blinding when his identity is discovered. By way of compensation he gains a good woman's love—and incidentally her services as guide on what must have been one of the most unpleasing hikes on record. Mr. Walbrook, an actor with poise and dignity, contrives to make all these annoyances credible; Akim Tamiroff gloats suitably as the traitor, Margot Grahame looks glamorous enough to account for the hero's half-wittedness, and Elizabeth Allan is a gentle, attractive heroine. About the comic relief of Eric Blore and Edward Brophy the less said the better.

"GOD'S COUNTRY AND THE WOMAN" is conventional outdoors stuff, indebted for what interest it may possess to the work of George Brent, and the fact that it is photographed in Technicolor. The colour is perhaps a little better than that in *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*, the story a good deal worse. Mr. Brent is a Montagu of the backwoods, Beverly Roberts the last of the Capulets. The rival lumber kings have carried on a feud for years, and at the moment the story opens their followers are just beginning to beat each other up and take pot-shots with Winchesters—apparently a legal proceeding in this neck of the woods. Need I say that the damsel's hatred for the hero is converted into love, and that after battle, attempted murder and the dynamiting of jammed logs, the course of the lumber and true love runs smooth. Mr. Brent is an easy, likeable actor, never wholly bogus, and if we must have tough heroines for these open spaces, I suppose Beverly Roberts will do as well as anybody.

NOT having seen *Call It A Day* in Shaftesbury Avenue I cannot say how the film version compares with the play. I imagine there isn't much difference; the film has its place of origin stamped all over it. While the characters are just credible individually, *en masse* they reek of the theatre. Frieda Inescort, Alice Brady, Bonita Granville (the little fiend of *These Three*) and Olivia de Havilland, as the amorous flapper who keeps pouncing on the artist like a kitten stalking a terrified bird, get away with what honours are going.

Villaine and Villain

Margot Grahame is the beautiful spy who deceives everyone but the audience, Akim Tamiroff a splendid arch-villain of a Tartar in "Michael Strogoff." Radio have made this latest version of the oft-seen adventures of the gallant Czarist courier, and it went to the Regal the week-end before last

Hero and Heroine

Anton Walbrook plays the name-part in "Michael Strogoff" (based on Jules Verne) and succeeds in making the incredible and often unnecessary adventures of the courier seem real and gallant. Margaret Allan is attractive as the good woman whose love (and services as guide) he wins

"Bystander" Short Story No. 96

No More a-Roving

By Basil Collier

Illustrated by C. F. Tunnicliffe

BOUTHWAITE returned from his fourteenth voyage into the unknown, with a full determination that it should be his last. His contracts with the patent food and clothing companies had brought him a modest competence. He had travelled a distance equivalent to more than five times round the world, been bitten by innumerable mosquitoes, entered the Forbidden City disguised as the representative of a motor-car company, seen two or three lions, and had once been stranded in the desert for three weeks with no tobacco. He had undertaken his first journey, twenty years before, in a moment of undergraduate enthusiasm. A realisation that a quiet, sedentary life would better suit his temperament had coincided with a realisation that by absenting himself from England at a time when he should have been working for his Finals, he had lost his chance of one. On the one hand (but just out of reach) was the lawyer's office and romance; on the other, the dull routine and safe livelihood of an adventurer. The nerve food and toothpaste manufacturers provided bread-and-butter; Bouthwaite's descriptive articles in the daily Press were read and liked by thousands; he had even a modicum of fame. The prospect of eventual retirement to the peace and excitement of a country cottage provided spiritual sustenance.

He was met at Southampton by Miss Agnes Bagshot, his fiancée. A gaunt and rather forbidding-looking woman of thirty-seven, she was not everybody's taste; but then, Bouthwaite's taste was not everybody's. She was said to be an efficient housekeeper and a marvellous cook, her reputation resting largely on the testimony of the late Colonel Bagshot, her father; and she herself maintained that it was not her curry which had killed him, but the amount of it he ate.

The lovers' encounter was affectionate, if without much passion. Nevertheless, since trains are places that one argues in, they argued in the train. The point in dispute was when they should get married. "The sooner the better," said Bouthwaite. "Oh, no," replied Miss Bagshot, "for in a month or two you would be off to Tibet or the Amazon again, and where should I be, with a house on my hands, and all the responsibilities of a household without a man to help me shoulder them?"

"My dear Agnes," said Bouthwaite, "haven't I just told you that I am not going to the uncharted waters of the Amazon, the heart of unexplored Tibet, the trackless deserts of undiscovered Africa, nor the illimitable plains of Central Asia, any more?"

"You said that last time," responded Miss Bagshot firmly. "Don't you remember——"

"Nonsense," said Bouthwaite, who was annoyed that his fiancée's womanly intuition did not convince her that he meant what he was saying. "I have definitely retired. However, here we are at Waterloo. I wonder whether the *Daily Bill* will send a man to photograph me, as they did last time, when I came back from Greenland."

"There you are," cried Miss Bagshot triumphantly. "What does it matter whether you get your picture in the paper, if you have retired?"

Nevertheless, Bouthwaite's sincerity, which apart from a weather-beaten complexion was his most noticeable quality, prevailed against the apprehensions of his fiancée, and they spent some very pleasant hours looking for a suitable cottage. At length they found one in the New Forest, not very far from Lyndhurst, which was adorned with the necessary quantity of virginia creeper, wistaria and jasmine. There was a pergola covered with Dorothy Perkins roses, which Miss Bagshot liked, and a monkey-puzzle tree, which she also liked, because, for some reason that she was never able to explain, it reminded her of Colonel Bagshot. They spent much time, too, buying furniture, or, rather, picking it up; for Miss Bagshot was an adept at this method of acquisition, and rarely practised any other. They picked up a dining-table here, a wardrobe there; among the things they acquired was an Oriental rug of rather gaudy pattern, to go in front of the fireplace in the living-room.

The weeks immediately before the date fixed for the wedding were occupied in arranging these things in the cottage, to which they were to return after a brief honeymoon, to be spent at Cheltenham. Miss Bagshot found some very comfortable lodgings close at hand; the prospective bridegroom put up at the Goat in Boots. They went to the cottage nearly every afternoon. Our hero resembled Othello as little as Miss Bagshot resembled Desdemona; nevertheless there were times when she liked to hear him speak of his adventures. It is impossible to spend much time writing descriptive articles for the daily Press, without acquiring a certain power of graphic description on the one hand, and becoming something of a liar on the other. For all his determination to be done with moving accidents by flood and field, Bouthwaite was apt to grow enthusiastic, and (which is the same thing) untruthful, when describing them. When speaking of the African moonrise in Central Bogoland, his visit to the court of the black king Mumbogonto, and the awed respect in which the subjects of that potentate had held him, his eyes shone, his voice increased in resonance. "I wish I was there now," said he.

Immediately the magic carpet on which he stood addressed itself to work and bore him heavenwards. Miss Bagshot, who was standing on its edge, was taken by surprise, escaped disaster by a miracle, and scrambled to a safer position by the assistance of her lover's tardily-extended hand. They passed through the ceiling, the floor of the best bedroom, and the roof, as if they had been made of smoke. They moved with incredible celerity, the day was overcast, few people were abroad, and no one saw them rise above the fields and hedgerows save a child of eight, named Susan Mary Spiggott, who was subsequently spanked for having too much imagination. In less time than it takes to lose a fortune on the Stock Exchange, they were over the recondite plateau of Central Bogoland. A clearing in the amazing green revealed a ring of beehive huts. They descended smack through the thatch of the largest beehive, into the presence of King Mumbogonto and his courtiers.

Upon this Bouthwaite's heart sank, as he considered the taunts and jeers with which he had in reality been greeted on his former visit to this place, and the difficulty with which he had escaped immersion in the royal stewpot. For, as none of the Bogolanders had ever seen a European, save King Mumbogonto himself, who had been educated at Durham University, and was familiar

(Concluded on page ii)

". . . smack through the thatch of the largest beehive, into the presence of King Mumbogonto"

People Who Paint. No. 2

Dorette Woodward, Model, and Gerald Brockhurst

Gerald Brockhurst is the highest paid artist in Europe. With him is his model, Dorette Woodward, whose bob is world-known. His portraits of Lord Doverdale, Lady Doverdale, Mrs. Cunningham-Reid, Merle Oberon, etc., are the high-lights of Burlington House

Below: David Jagger, whose only contribution to the Academy, "Model Resting," became the nude of the year, is a Yorkshireman with a Yorkshire accent, a beautiful wife, one son at school, and one golf cup. He would rather not paint portraits. But his portrait of Queen Mary is her favourite

David Jagger

Jacob Epstein

Jacob Epstein painted Epping Forest forty times, and did about the same number of vivid flower pictures. Neither series of watercolours will be repeated, hence the collectors' rush. Then, of course, he sculpts —and sets controversy raging

Simon Elwes

Simon Elwes, who was in New York in May, is one of the most successful society portraitists. He made his name with a picture of Mrs. Beck. His mother is Lady Winefride Elwes, his father was the famous singer, and his wife is the younger daughter of Lord Rennell

Flora Lion

Right: Mrs. Flora Lion stands beside her unfinished portrait of Lady Greenwood, in her studio off the Fulham Road. She has recently finished portraits of Princess Alice and of Sir Henry Wood. Mrs. Lion, who paints without a palette, is one of the most dominant of our women artists. She has three pictures "on the line" this year

Anna, Model, and Richard Wyndham

Richard Wyndham is a very good artist now, in spite of being related to half the peerage. His African oils have tremendous vitality and charm. So had his book, "The Gentle Savage." So has his model, Anna, seen here

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

England, Past and Present : By Alan Thomas

In the rough and rumble of parliamentary debate someone—I think it was Mr. Winston Churchill—once described Mr. Baldwin as the colourless reflection of other people's perplexities. The same description might with no more injustice be applied to Sir Philip Gibbs. For a fairer (and incidentally more readable) exponent of his own and other people's difficulties never existed. In his latest book, *Ordeal in England* (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.), he covers the period from the death of King George V. to the present day. He has been about, using his eyes and his ears; he has been an eyewitness on many memorable occasions (and such is his gift for description that the reader feels that he also has been there); he has sat at innumerable luncheon- and tea-tables, discussing the world's problems with the good and the great; and, of course, he was a member of the Royal Commission appointed to enquire into the alleged abuses in the private manufacture of arms (the account he gives of his experiences and of the personalities he encountered at the meetings of the Commission is highly entertaining). And having done all these things and many more besides, he surveys the scene, telling us what people in every walk of life from the peer to the crossing-sweeper are saying and thinking. I doubt if there is any living writer who in reflecting contemporary thought can catch the spirit of the time with such impartiality.

And that of Sir Philip's own thought? Well, he hates the Bolshies. He believed once in the League, and would still were it not such a broken reed; as it is, he pleads for shaking hands with Germany. He thinks that our leaders have made a false bogey of Hitler and "that the enormous burden of armaments which has been imposed upon this country is dangerous, unnecessary and ruinous." After all, Hitler has repeatedly made peace proposals, and when he says something "three times," Sir Philip believes him (*O sancta simplicitas!*). His naïveté, his liberal spirit, his sense of fair play (and, dare I say, his sentimentality?)—these are the particular qualities that make Sir Philip so popular with us British. "I dare say," he concludes, "that the expected war is not going to happen. Let us kill that bogey in our minds. It will not happen if we do not wish it to happen." How true—if only the world were peopled with men like Sir Philip!

For a view of England from a slightly different angle turn to John Drinkwater's *Robinson of England* (Methuen; 8s. 6d.). While Sir Philip was speculating on the present and the future, Mr. Drinkwater sought to conjure up the past. This is a lovely, gentle book—also tinged with sentimentality. The peg on which Mr. Drinkwater has hung our rough island story is a scholar and, so far as the business of "getting on" in the world is concerned, something of a misfit. Robinson did well in the schools and his father was proud of him. Then to his parents' dismay, instead of getting a good job and being a success, Robinson determining that he was in love with England went to live in a cottage in the Cotswolds (rent three and sixpence a week) and wrote books. The War touched him hardly at all: he was, in fact, in the middle of writing a sentence when he joined the Army, and on demobilisation, he returned to his cottage and the unfinished sentence which he promptly completed "without any sense of interruption." Thereafter this pleasant, middle-aged bachelor (of course, there was "someone" once and, of course, after many years the dream-girl will come back to find him waiting faithfully) spends happy days with his nephews and nieces, talking to them of England's past, of her poets and her pottery, of her battles and her bell-ringers, of her squires and of her sages. Towards the end there is a glimpse of the ugly present—the other half of England, up in the Black Country. But the purpose has been fulfilled. Robinson, or, rather, Mr. Drinkwater, has revealed ourselves to ourselves, has shown us our own past with all the love and feeling for it that a poet and a scholar can achieve. The book has been most happily illustrated by Mr. J. H. Dowd.

Author, Actress, Artist

Mr. Laurence Housman gave Miss Pamela Stanley one of Mr. E. H. Shepard's drawings illustrating a scene from "Victoria Regina"—a charming presentation from the author to the actress-creator of his Queen Victoria. Mr. Shepard's drawings are being shown at the Sporting Gallery, Jermyn St.

In her dedicatory note Miss Dorothy Sayers gracefully forestalls criticism of her *Busman's Honeymoon* (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.) by agreeing that love interest is only an intrusion upon a detective story, and by describing the book as containing "but a ha'porth of detection to an intolerable deal of saccharine." I couldn't have put it better myself. The first dose of saccharine is administered when the story opens with the marriage of Miss Sayers' amateur sleuth, Lord Peter Wimsey, to his Harriet. The detection begins with the discovery of a corpse in the cellar on the first day of their honeymoon. Thereafter we are given scenes of passionate love-making, done for the most part with the help of slabs of quotations from an assortment of writers (never was there a more erudite pair of lovers); these scenes are liable to violent interruption at any moment when Lord Peter is inspired to follow up a clue or to reconstruct the crime. The crime itself, I thought, not up to the best Sayers' standard, possibly because my interest in it was so often interrupted by the honeymoon and its quotations. And there were moments when I could have done with a little less whimsy from Lord Peter. But that said, there remains the indisputable fact that *Busman's Honeymoon* is immensely readable.

A foreign writer coming to us with an introduction from Mr. E. C. Bentley may be sure of his welcome. The foreigner in this case is an American named Damon Runyon who writes about Broadway gangsters, a set in which every man is a "guy" and every female a "doll" (or maybe sometimes a broad, a pancake or even a tomato). Damon Runyon's book, which is entitled *More than Somewhat* (Constable; 7s. 6d.), is a collection of short stories, mostly comic, some pathetic, all human. A feature of the narrator's style is that he never uses the past tense. "Personally," he will say, "I do not see Louie's ear knocked off, because by the second shot I am out of the front door, and on my way down Forty-eight Street, but they tell me about it afterwards." This never-ending historic present at once creates and preserves the tough-guyety of these tales. This is an amusing book, though Mr. Runyon is hardly likely to supplant Ring Lardner as the master of this genre.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

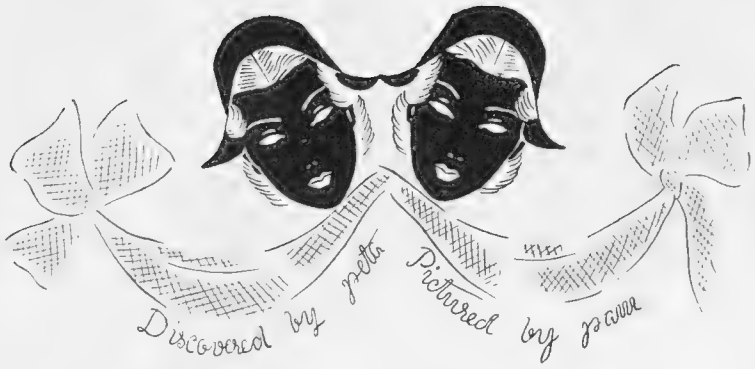
The uncertain temper of an English summer calls for a mixed wardrobe which includes both furs and "flimsies." Tweeds are in the air just now, and Burberrys in the Haymarket, are busy designing outfits for the Glorious Twelfth. Their shooting suits are cut with extra shoulder room so that there is no sense of strain when raising the arms. Lovely, rich tweeds in moorland colourings are used, the majority with a rather hazy design, though checks will always remain fashionable. Apart from the sporting side of life, Burberrys also design very sophisticated town suits such as the model on this page in a light weight tropical tweed, dyed pale green. The short jacket is close fitting at the waist and flares into a pleated basque, while the waistcoat with rounded collar is in a darker shade of green velour. It clips into the coat and is therefore interchangeable with other colours, such as brown or canary

Scott Bushe

Summer Fragrance

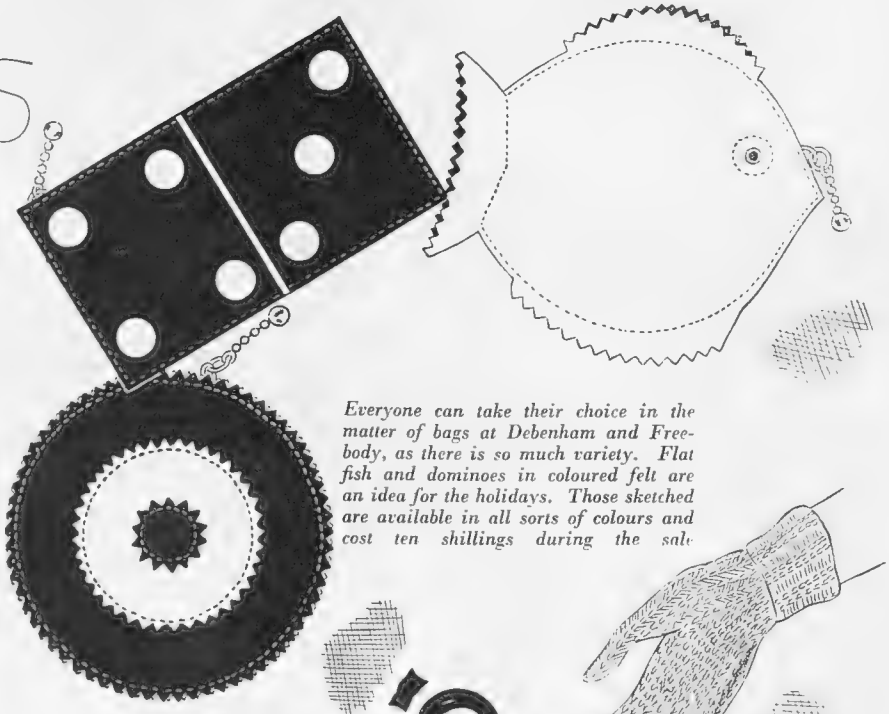
The great point about going away for a summer holiday is to have a complete change of friends, surroundings and ideas, so that the mind as well as the body is refreshed. New clothes, a new make-up and a different perfume will all help to alter a woman's outlook, besides adding gaiety and charm to her personality. Le Vertige, Coty's new perfume, is the very essence of happiness and joie de vivre. Its crisp fragrance provokes a feeling of ecstasy and elation which is exhilarating in the extreme. Like all Coty's perfumes, it is perfect in the sense that its component parts are skilfully blended and balanced into an exquisite bouquet. The beautiful cut-glass bottle is shown above standing in a luxurious satin-lined coffret which was designed after the romantic Pompadour period. It is available in two sizes at a guinea and thirty-five shillings, and may be seen at 2, New Bond Street. A complete series of Coty skin preparations packed in a Morocco travelling case with a movable tray, is invaluable for protecting the complexion against sun and sea, and includes a bottle of Avocado Beauty Milk made from the juice or oil extracted from the Avocado pear. This by itself costs 4s. 6d., and is not only a wonderful cleanser but an excellent stimulant, due to the presence of vitamins

The Bystander Twins in search of NOVELTIES



Discovered by peta Pictured by paul

There is a distinctly threatening air about this Tyrolean peasant standing with her arms akimbo, but she has a heart of gold and carries beneath her voluminous skirts a box containing five tablets of scented toilet soap. She costs 7s. 11d., and comes from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street



Everyone can take their choice in the matter of bags at Debenham and Freebody, as there is so much variety. Flat fish and dominoes in coloured felt are an idea for the holidays. Those sketched are available in all sorts of colours and cost ten shillings during the sale

Red, yellow and green are the colours of this target bag in fine felt from Debenham and Freebody. It is also reduced to ten shillings and contains a purse and mirror. Owing to its shape there is room for a great many odds and ends, while the sliding fastener is very secure

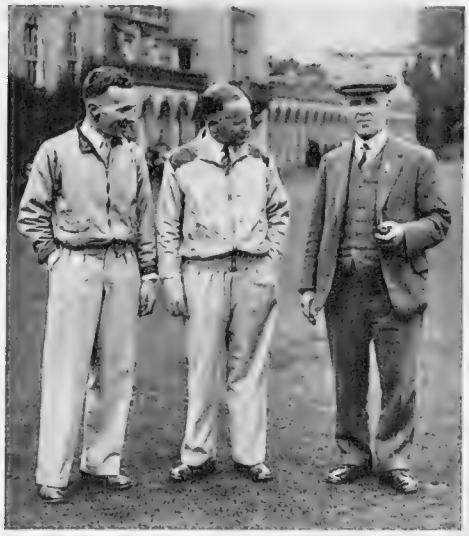
When winter comes with all its discomforts, including chilblains, every sportsman will welcome a pair of soft, closely knitted wool shooting gloves from Swaine and Adeney, 185, Piccadilly. The forefinger of the right hand is made with a neat slit to facilitate firing, and they cost half a guinea

A scarf helmet is a great protection when motoring, as it fits closely over the head and ties under the chin. Herbert Johnson, 38, New Bond Street, have designed the model on the right, which costs 27s. 6d. and can be made in cashmere, linen, or shantung, either plain or printed

An adjustable shooting-stick with an extra large seat is a delightful wedding present for a man or woman, and this one from Swaine and Adeney is made with an all-metal stem and a swivelling disc at the foot which folds back when walking and cannot drop off

Golf Clubs at Home: Dunfermline

It is supposed that golf was played in the ancient burgh of Dunfermline centuries ago, but the modern club lays no claim to such antiquity. Founded in 1887, its course for forty years was round the Ferry Hills. Then the encroachment of quarries made it necessary to move to the Torrie estate, whose mansion now forms such a fine club-house. James Braid designed the course, which is in two loops with fine turf and pleasant undulations from which can be obtained glimpses of the Firth of Forth



W. Harrower, A. Fairgrieve and D. M. Wilson (council members)

A View of the Club-house

William Easson (president) and Major J. W. Robertson (ex-president)

J. H. Matheson (hon. secretary)

K. T. Thomson

G. H. Robb

W. J. Inglis (captain) and A. B. Romanes (vice-president)

R. Wilson

John Marshall

George Dee

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

A New Cotton

HENRY COTTON won the Open Championship at Carnoustie for the second time at the beginning of the month, with scores of 74, 72, 73, and 71, a total of six shots less than T. D. Armour won with in 1931 on approximately the same course. There can be very few who deny that the right man won—and deserved to win, which is not always the same thing.

It was a new Cotton we saw at Carnoustie. The old Cotton was the best striker of the golf ball in the world, bar chipping and putting, which two departments of the game always gave him considerable trouble. The old Cotton always appeared worried and on edge when playing. The winner at Carnoustie looked as if he was quite enjoying himself, and as if there was no man or thing that could put him off or disturb his complacence.

I am sure that the old Cotton would have been upset terribly by the behaviour of the very large number of spectators, who ran and pushed and stood so close to him that at times he could hardly swing his club, and if he had been upset and cursed them deep, loud and long, hardly a soul would not have sympathised with him. Instead he asked them to stand back in a friendly and cheerful manner, and even assisted the stewards in obtaining a certain amount of order before settling down to play his shots.

I HAD not before seen his new putting style; there is no question that it is very much better than its predecessors. He now takes up a natural position, instead of the previous most artificial ones, and consequently looks comfortable, with the result that he was hitting the ball smoothly into the hole and not trying to "coué" it in, as he used to. His supporters, who used to heave a sigh of relief when his ball disappeared on the putting-green, can now watch him putt with their hearts in their normal places.

It was not a faultless long game that won Cotton his second Open, but beautiful chipping and pitching followed up by putting better than steady. In his last round, during which he holed the course in 71 strokes, he must have failed to reach the green in the correct number of shots more times than he had done in one round for years, but good chipping and putting enabled him to get down continually in the par figure.

IN spite of so many of his shots not finding the green in his last round, Cotton played remarkably well, and his approach shots if not on the greens, were always close to them, and, as far as I can remember, only once in a bunker. It must be remembered that most of the round was played in pouring rain, when there was no run on the ball. Cotton, like Bobby Jones, hits his tee shots with enormous carry, and little run, and these were the type of tee-shots most suited to the weather conditions which prevailed.

A few weeks before this Championship, Cotton had taken the trouble to have about ten days intensive practice at Carnoustie in more or less peace and quiet. The result shows how wise he was, and he certainly has been fully compensated for the expense incurred by this visit.

If Cotton can continue to chip and putt as he did at Carnoustie, we shall have no trouble in forecasting the winner of the big professional tournaments of the near future. Whether he will chip and putt as well on dry greens, when a more delicate touch is required, remains to be seen.

At Carnoustie, a great player put up a great performance against the strongest challenge from America there has ever been, a much greater performance than his victory in the Open at Sandwich in 1934.

COTTON'S partner on the last day, W. Shankland of Haydock Park, is decidedly an unusual man; he is a professional Rugby footballer (Warrington full-back) as well as a professional golfer.

The spectators made it quite clear that they had no desire whatsoever to see Shankland play golf and forced him on occasions to play over their heads, although Cotton continually urged him to wait until he could get some idea of where he had to play. Luckily, Shankland is a cheerful golfer, and I am sure he thoroughly enjoyed his last round, which he played in a happy-go-lucky manner; he had been promised a present by his members if he got into the last forty; he had little chance of winning, and consequently and sporingly his one idea was to assist Cotton to win. Cotton has been lucky in his partners for the last two rounds of his two Opens: at Sandwich he had Charles Whitcombe, who nursed him most admirably, when things were going so badly in his final round.

THREE days after winning the Open Championship, Cotton played Shute for a prize of £500, presented by the *News of the World*. So often just after winning a championship the winner very naturally relaxes, and he cannot be expected to be at his best if he plays a match immediately afterwards. Cotton, however, produced at Walton Heath what James Braid described as perfect golf, and defeated a man who is not only a very good golfer, but also such a good match player that he was reported not to have lost a match for two years before he met Cotton. Cotton defeated Shute by six holes up and five to play, which is not a very easy victory in a match which is played over 72 holes; but you cannot expect anyone on earth to beat Shute easily. Shute, in my opinion, was the most likely of all the Americans to win the Open. Cotton beat him because he played the short game just as well as Shute, and the long game better.

Cotton's score of approximately ten under an average of four strokes per hole for sixty-seven holes represents really wonderful golf on a course stretched to about 7000 yards, with thick heather on both sides of the fairways.

Henry Cotton Won the Open Championship

Henry Cotton, of Ashridge, won his second Open in a convincing and level-headed manner at Carnoustie, coming up from behind, as everyone hoped, and beating Reggie Whitcombe's 292 by two strokes. It was very cheering after the big foreign (mostly American) successes at Southport, Henley and Wimbledon just previously

Henry Cotton Won the "Match-play Championship"

Before the smoke cleared from the Carnoustie battlefield, Cotton was matched against Densmore Shute in a 72-hole two-day game at Walton Heath. He won by 6 and 5 and everyone was delighted, including the vanquished match-play champion of America (right), when Sir Emsley Carr presented Cotton with a cheque on behalf of the "News of the World"

The Lords Team for the Harrington Cup

The Lords beat the Commons by 9—5 for the Harrington Cup at Ranelagh, which was presented to them by Lady Zia Wernher after the game. It was a well matched team, and their goals were scored as follows: Lord Cowdray, 2; the Duke of Gloucester, 3; the Duke of Roxburghe, 2; Lord Barnby, 2. They are grouped in that order here

The Commons Team that Lost to Them

The Hon. "Bill" Astor, Lord William Scott, Lord Apsley and the Hon. Charles Wood were the Commons team for the Harrington Cup, with a total handicap of six goals, as opposed to the Lords' seven. In this event, which was started after the War, the Lords have now won five times, the Commons seven

Summer Sport

By Howard Marshall

THE Eton and Harrow match this year triumphed over the rain, and turned itself into a good game of cricket. A sporting declaration by Harrow, a fighting answer by Eton, some real excitement, and honour alike to victors and vanquished. Harrow could have made a dreary draw of it. So could Eton. Both sides took risks, and Eton's triumph by seven wickets must not be regarded as a true measure of superiority.

It seemed to me, indeed, that Harrow were, if anything, the better side. They lost the toss, were frustrated by rain when they had Eton on the run, and with better luck they might have won for the first time since 1908.

As it was, the cricket was far better than it often is in this match. Too often in recent years we have seen these schoolboys playing like elderly professors, refusing to hit the half-volley, and sacrificing strokes to safety. This was the outcome of professional coaching. In my opinion, no professional should ever be allowed to coach a schoolboy. I will go further, and say that a schoolboy needs very little coaching at all. Someone with sympathy and understanding should watch him and start him off with the fundamentals and give him

At the New Forest Tournament

The New Forest lawn tennis tournament was held at Brockenhurst as usual, and attracted big entries and audiences. Mr. Eric Russell, Grenadier Guards, and Miss L. M. Grisell, Lady (Thomas) Cubitt's daughter, were among the latter: they announced their engagement recently

The Inter-Zone Finalists for the Davis Cup

Some pessimists regarded last week-end's match as a virtual challenge-round when the two powerful inter-zone finalists met to decide who challenges Great Britain for the Cup next week-end. Left are Germany, Henner Henkel and Gottfried von Cramm, ranked one and two in their own country; right are the U.S.A., Donald Budge and Gene Mako, already champions at Wimbledon

The Jaguars Beat Goulburn

The Jaguars met Goulburn in the final (and only) tie for the King's Coronation Cup at Ranelagh, beating them by 8—4. Afterwards the Hon. Keith Rous and Mr. Gerald Balding carried off the Cup after the Duchess of Kent had presented it. The other two Jaguars were Capt. Roark and Mr. S. Sanford

Oxford and Cambridge Blues Become Gentlemen

Roger Kimpton (Melbourne and B.N.C.) was chosen for the Gentlemen against the Players after his good work for Oxford in the Varsity match. Plays for Worcestershire in the vacation, and is a likely Oxford captain for 1938

Norman Yardley (St. Peter's, York, and St. John's) was the only Cambridge member (as against three from Oxford's XI.) of the Gentlemen. He is a triple Blue—squash racquets, hockey and cricket—and goes to India with Lord Tennyson's XI. in October

hints now and again, but he should be allowed to develop his own natural talents.

Even at preparatory schools you will find eight-year-olds arriving, whose zealous fathers have been coaching all the natural zest out of them for years. The boy is an adaptable creature. Let him first learn to enjoy hitting the ball, and the rest will easily be added unto him.

It was, with these thoughts in mind, particularly pleasing to see Eton and Harrow attacking the bowling with such uninhibited gusto, and R. A. Holt's innings for Harrow was a gem. There was a natural games player following his bent, and I hope no one will try to make him more sound.

The bowling was not so satisfactory. The prime essential of length was absent. The spinners were horribly erratic, and the faster bowlers preferred speed to control. This question of length is of importance just now. In first-class cricket the fast bowlers keep consistently short of a length, a fact which leads to a deal of negative cricket. It was not the way in the old days. Bowlers then realised the importance of keeping the batsmen playing at them, particularly with the new ball.

Age 17, Batting Average 90

Patrick Dickinson, of King's College School, Wimbledon, is to captain The Rest against Lord's Public Schools on August 2nd. He has been in the school XI. since he was fourteen and has made a thousand runs this season for the second consecutive year. Hopes to go up to Oxford this Michaelmas and then enter first-class cricket as an amateur

I do not, however, propose to indulge in carping criticism this week. For a change we have plenty of cause for self-congratulation. Oxford and Cambridge, for example, have just beaten Yale and Harvard for the first time in America as I write, which is enough to make me throw my typewriter out of the window and call for a double ginger-ale. A fine performance, with Godfrey Brown's double in the 440 and 880 yards as a particularly pleasing feature of it.

It takes some doing, beating the Americans on their home ground—beating them anywhere and any time, for that matter—and they are still better than we are in the field events, where specialisation and endless practice are the vital factors. Even there, though, Ali Irfan of Cambridge won the weight, and F. R. Webster's pole vault of 13 feet carried him into second place, a grand effort.

Our athletes altogether are in good trim just now. With S. C. Wooderson back to form after his operation, and other champions in form, we stand pretty high in the international ranking list.

Then there was Henry Cotton's triumph in the Open Golf Championship, and, more than that, the appearance of three British players in the first three places. What a comfort it was—

(Concluded on page iv)

Sporting Champions

Left: R. O. Hermon won the sporting championship of Great Britain for the second time, Mrs. Grosvenor for the eleventh time, at the West London Shooting Grounds at Greenford, Middlesex

Girls and Other People

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

I DON'T want to overstress this Girls' Championship business. There are other golfers in the world—for instance, the 512 who will doubtless send in their names for the Autumn Foursomes between now and September 16th, when entries close: the entrance form is on page viii this week, and play is at Ranelagh and Roehampton, October 5th to 8th. At the same time it is worth noting, to say the least of it, that Sheila Stroyan, aged seventeen years and a bit, has won the Dutch Ladies' Open Championship at Hilversum, beating her grown-up opponent by 5 and 3 after lunching five up. Sheila captained and led Scotland in the Girls' International match last year, but she went no further than the semi-final, which just shows what the standard at Stoke is. All the same, there have been nineteen handicap runners-up and thirteen year-old champions, so nobody need be afraid to try their luck. That entrance form is in this week, too, page viii; entries close August 19th, and play is at Stoke Poges, September 8th, 9th and 10th.

Before leaving Continental news, congratulations are certainly due to Miss Diana Fishwick, twice a Girl champion, on a fifth win of the Le Touquet foursomes with General Critchley, and to Mrs. Rhodes, holder of the BYSTANDER Scottish Foursomes, who followed running-up in the French by winning the Belgian.

Parliamentary Foursomes: Runners-up—

Mrs. Peter Chance and Lady Brecknock came in second in the Parliamentary Ladies' Jubilee Foursomes at Moor Park

—and Winners

The winners were Miss Brenda Smithers and Mrs. Dennis Hill-Wood, who beat the runners-up by 4 and 3. They have had a very successful summer of golf so far

BUT the news of the week is chiefly of the other Associations, though it would be easy to recollect that Mrs. Garon was runner-up in the Girls' when she was Marjorie Parkinson, and could have brought lustre to their Society instead of helping United Services to win the Joint Association Field Day with her marvellous 70 round Wentworth. She really is playing amazingly good golf just now, with no sway and plenty of pivot. She lowered the Calcot record a day or two later with 73.

The first thing to be said about her Wentworth score—and how ungracious this sounds!—is that it ought to have been 67, or anyway, 68! Seventeen holes safely behind her in 63, and then she chose to play short at the eighteenth, had a real mess up, and was 70. Three below par, of course, but chances of the sixties on a full-length course are so rare.

It was a day of amazing scoring. First of all Lady Knollys startled everyone with a 75—13+62, the result of real sterling golf, though how she finds time to put it in amongst all her many activities, charitable and society, is a marvel to those who find golf a full-time job and a score such as that an unsatisfied life ambition. It was second best scratch on the whole day, and seemed as if it must give the Parliamentary L.G.A. the challenge trophy, especially as the Hon. Mrs. Cecil Lomax added a 72 net to it and they had seven net scores of 76 and under. But there was Mrs. Garon's 69 net, and Mrs. Vigers came in late with a grand 67 net, and the Services got home from Parliamentary with 507 to 509.

A very thrilling and delightful day, with Wentworth lovely as ever, making it something to look forward to with a vengeance that BYSTANDER One-Day Spring Medal Foursomes are to be there next year again on the day before the club's scratch knock-out foursomes. The puzzle, of course, is to find the right date. If anybody has any ideas on that point, it would be a really good deed to write and give them.

NORTHERN Veterans had done so well in the Joint Associations Field Day, annexing all three prizes, that they had some reason to think they would be able to trounce the South there the next day, particularly as the Veteran champion, Miss Doris Chambers, had pronounced herself Northern by birth and education, rather than Southern by adoption and residence. She duly did what she ought to have done, beating Mrs. Blake Smith—though only after a desperate struggle—in the singles, and at lunch-time the North led by 4½ to 3½, in spite of Mrs. Slazenger's breath-taking win for the South on the last green after being five down and seven to play to Mrs. Forbes Cooper. But when it came to the Foursomes, the South only allowed two matches to be halved and won the other two, thus getting home on the day by 6½ to 5½.

It was another delightful gathering, made all the more so by the presence of Mrs. Harland, the mother of Yorkshire golf, who carries her eighty-three years so lightly and proudly, and Mrs. Morton, so well known in Canadian golf; as well as others famous in Northern Foursomes annals, especially Mrs. Bland, who won them in 1933 at Moortown.

FOURSOMES, after all, are a fine battlefield, and the only pity about the Parliamentary Jubilee Foursomes, at Moor Park a few days later, was that competitors were so few. It might not have made any difference: Mrs. Hill-Wood and Miss Smithers have made a habit of leaving no Parliamentary meeting prize-less this season, and they kept up their standard by winning a good final 4 and 3 from Lady Brecknock and another Martin Smith sister, Mrs. Peter Chance. These had gone so strong till then, with such sweeping wins, that it was disconcerting suddenly to find a lead snatched away, and other folk as well as themselves getting down in one putt. No doubt the Parliamentary L.G.A. will find some other less busy week, and then these Foursomes, which owed their origin to Lady Brecknock's enterprise, will flourish as all their other meetings do.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

I.19a.

an
awful
"faux pas"
and you flounder
deeper
and
deeper ! . . .

ever noticed
how
a cigarette
helps you
to overcome
the embarrassment
of
your
unfortunate remark ? . . .

after all,
how
were
you
to
know
it
was
her husband ?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

Dramatic Catch by an Australian Bowler

Miss N. McLarty made a fine catch off her own bowling in the first innings; her victim, Miss McLagan, took revenge by bowling her in the Australian second innings. She bowled two English players, and also fielded exceptionally well

Right: Miss E. Snowball (Hants.), the English wicketkeeper, was run out in the first innings when one run short of her century. Her wicketkeeping was clean and safe. She stumped one Australian and caught two more

Run Out for Ninety-Nine

An English Bowler in Action

Miss B. Belton (Notts) was one of England's fast bowlers. In the second innings, two Australians, Mrs. Peden and Miss Walsh, were caught off her bowling

The Wicketkeeper's Duck

Miss P. Holmes (N.S.W.) made the English wicketkeeper, Miss Snowball, duck with a vigorous pull to leg. She is a fine stylist, and made top score –70—for the Australians, in the first innings

This Women's Cricket...

Fine Play in the Third Test Match between England and Australia

The third Test match between the women of England and Australia ended in a draw at the Oval last Tuesday, each side having won a match up to then. It was due to the loathsome weather of the first two days that no decisive result was reached, and not at all to any lack of vigour in the play. These women have laid many bogies that, in the imagination of men, haunted the ground when female cricket was being played: that women were incapable of mastering the finer—or even less fine—points of batting styles, that their bowling was short and rather slow, that their fielding was feeble, and their throwing more so, and finally that the fine spirit of cricket could never be theirs. Down went these bogies like skittles, and, one and all, the cricket correspondents have written apologetic and admiring reports of these well-fought matches

This England . . .

Upton-on-Severn (the Malvern Hills in the distance)

A RIVER at eventide seems made for gentle rumination. How like the way of a man through life is the course of such as the Severn. Headlong, wild in its imperious youth, shouldered by circumstance away from its ambition; turning then, slowed to a grave deep beauty of character, towards its goal; crowned at last by achievement such as Bristol typifies, seated there like some mellow burgher, full of years and usefulness. This rhythm informs most good things—certainly the brewing of your Worthington. Youthful strength that in the fullness of time must work itself into rich maturity—suave to the palate but of great and generous heart.

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The Long-Distance Flight Record

By Charles Ward

Over the Top

ANY doubts that may have existed about the quality of Russian aviation have been dispelled by the second flight over the North Pole, which also established a new record for distance in a straight line. Every country except Germany has acclaimed the flight as a triumph of organisation, skill and courage. Many things have been proved—the probability of a trans-Polar air route within ten years; the success of de-icing equipment, tested under the most rigorous conditions possible; good reception of wireless signals from both hemispheres. An air-line over the top of the world is valuable owing to the saving of time when crossing from any point in northern latitudes to any other on the opposite side. Aero engines are approaching a state of absolute reliability, so that given accurate instruments, an efficient wireless service, and other aids on the ground to safe navigation, such as light beacons, flights can be planned anywhere, limited only by the petrol capacity of the aircraft. There still remains to be conquered the pilot's worst enemy—fog. No sure guide to safe landing in fog at a strange aerodrome has yet been perfected. A combination of radio beacons and airport lighting will solve eventually this final obstacle to safe operation. On the Atlantic route now being developed by Imperial Airways, fog is the special bugbear. For this reason, the range of aircraft operating the services has to be much greater than that needed for a direct crossing, so that pilots can go on beyond their actual destination if it is completely obscured. When coming from America, for instance, if the Shannon is fogbound, it must be possible to cross Ireland, or even reach England to make a landing in clear weather.

Muriel Angelus, the star of "Balalaika," photographed at Brooklands. She wants to learn to fly and is seen with Clifford Mollison, who is an enthusiastic pilot member of the Brooklands Club

Airway News

AS from the 4th of this month, Air France has started an additional service to the Riviera, which will appeal especially to those who enjoy Paris. It involves a night in the Gay City, with a room and private bath thrown in, as it were—no extra charge. The service leaves Croydon at 6.30, the hotel being reached at 8.45 p.m., and the journey to Cannes resumed at 7 o'clock the next morning. The airport of Cannes is reached at 11 a.m., instead of 7.15 p.m., by the other service, which, of course, still operates. London to Paris is done in the "Golden Clippers" that have been so popular for some years, continuing by Potez to Marseilles, and Fokkers along the Côte d'Azur. Next year, the new airport at Nice will be ready for use, allowing a through service from London and other capital cities of Europe with the most modern 'planes. British Airways has increased its departures to Paris from 27 to 39 a week, there being four a day by the 200-mile-an-hour "Electras," and two by the slower types. On the run to Sweden, the introduction of the "Electra" has proved most satisfactory—99 per cent. punctual arrivals over a route 1000 miles long. The Royal Dutch Air Lines, has resumed its direct line from Liverpool and Doncaster to Amsterdam. The Douglas D.C.2 is being used, taking fourteen passengers at a speed of 175 miles an hour. Some interesting times and fares are published—Belfast to Berlin in 9 hours for £13 15s.; from Newcastle to Paris in 7 hours for £9 5s.; from Liverpool to Munich in 9½ hours for £11 7s. The first named is a connection from Railway Air Services, the second from North Eastern Airways, and the third involves transfer to Lufthansa, but co-operation between air-line companies is now well organised for the benefit of all travellers. Lord Grimthorpe is chairman of North Eastern Airways, which uses Airspeed "Envoys," and has its centre at the municipal airport of Doncaster. To Africa, both East and South, every day is mail day. Postcards at 1d. and letters at 1½d. per half ounce are carried by Imperial Airways for no extra charge. There is no need to use a blue label or to post in a special box—letters go by air automatically, whether you wish it or not.

Charles E. Brown

Eyes of the Fleet. An R.A.F. "Anson," coastal-patrol type, passing over H.M.S. Rodney, Ramillies and Revenge during recent combined manœuvres. A semi-retractable chassis, tail-wheel, conservatory for the gunner and wireless aerial, all modern features in Service aircraft, can be seen clearly

At Witney, near Oxford

THE importance of civil flying schools and ground training centres was never more apparent than to-day; the Royal Air Force has had to send a large number of its pilots to such places for additional training, owing to lack of space at Service stations. Witney is the latest aerodrome to increase the facilities for tuition. Residential quarters have been built on the site, with accommodation for twenty or more extra pupils. Training has been given for commercial pilots, engineers and wireless operators during the past four years, and the landing area has now been enlarged, in preparation for faster types.

A Room with a View

In your Wolseley Limousine there is only the swift, silent passage through time and space to remind you that this is a "motor car." Completely at ease in the deep comfort of softly clothed seats, talking quietly to your companion, the spaciousness and fresh atmosphere is that of a room with a very pleasant view. Arm supports, foot rest, ash trays, a useful table—all are perfectly placed for comfort. A safety glass partition lowers noiselessly behind the driver. Even then, and with the two folding seats occupied, there is no other sensation than that of great roominess and luxury for each of the full complement of 7 people. The value of restful transit in terms of earning capacity is inestimable and makes this, perhaps, the most luxurious of modern cars, a very sensible outlay. Discuss it with a Wolseley Dealer from this point of view. . . .

The illustration gives a good idea of the exceptionally roomy and comfortable interior. The upholstery and equipment are lavish and in faultless taste. The price of the Wolseley 25 h.p. Super Six Limousine is £750 (ex works). Like all Wolseley cars it is fitted with Dunlop tyres, Triplex Glass, and Jackall Hydraulic jacks, and is covered by "Owner Contact" service, particulars of which your Dealer will gladly give you.

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Modern Aids to Beauty

Framing the Face

JUST as a beautiful painting is so often spoilt by an ugly frame, so is a lovely face ruined by an ill-groomed head. The hair should be treated like an artist's background which accentuates the beauty of the subject and without which no picture is complete. People with natural curls have an unfair advantage over those born with straight and straggly locks, but thanks to modern science, it is almost impossible to tell the difference between a natural and an " acquired " wave. Eugène are the originators of an excellent system of permanent waving which will not harm the finest hair, and is lasting in its beauty. Steam is distributed evenly over the head by means of perforated sachets, and a tight, even curl is produced. Another great merit about Eugène waving is that it is successful with almost any type of dyed hair, provided the latter is in a healthy condition. A new system called " Airogène " is another Eugène method which is, if anything, slightly quicker and more comfortable. It involves no heaters, merely simple spring clips known as " Contactors," which are cool to a sensitive scalp, while the waves are perfect and very natural in appearance.

A Question of Shape

DRESSING the hair in a variety of different ways is simplicity itself after an Eugène permanent wave, as every lock responds to a stroke of the comb. A simple coiffure with soft waves is advocated for the holidays when sun and sea play havoc with curls, but more elaborate styles should be cultivated for formal occasions. The shape of the face can often be altered by the sweep of the hair. If the former is broad and round, a semi-pompadour effect with a mass of curls on the forehead will impart an oval line, whereas a long, narrow face with high cheek bones should have breadth at the sides, and a smooth crown. A parting set at an angle also has a shortening effect and takes away from large features. Shadow waves across the top of the head and a halo of flat curls round the front with a few loose ones clustered at the nape of the neck is charming on a small face and equally becoming to a person with a rather pronounced and square jaw line.

No More a-Roving

(Continued from page 106)

with the works of Freud, these barbarous people had no respect whatever for the white man. Bouthwaite's apprehensions were divided equally between the fear that his distortion of the truth would be revealed to his fiancée, and the fear of being boiled. He had reckoned, however, without the effect of their awe-inspiring mode of entrance. The credulous and simple courtiers, whose ideology admitted of a fervent belief in miracles, saw nothing in this happening to reverse their faith, but none the less were remarkably impressed ; while the sceptical and hard-headed king was converted to Voodooism on the spot. All welcomed Bouthwaite as a god, and with humble salutations installed him on the royal throne.

The Bogolandic hierarchy, however, took no account of goddesses, while not denying to its gods the comforts of feminine companionship. Miss Bagshot was seized, carried to the women's quarters, bathed, combed, daubed with strange cosmetics, adorned with earrings the size of children's hoops, and admitted at a highly improper hour to the hut prepared for the reception of her deified fiancé.

This was not the worst. If long-thwarted instinct counselled her to do in Bogoland as the Bogolanders did, and accept this situation, the discovery that she was expected to share her lover's favours with a score of coal-black beauties was less easy to assimilate. There was one in particular whom she had no hesitation in characterising as a designing hussy. On the third day she chanced to find herself alone with her fiancé ; the magic carpet was at hand ; she enticed him on to it, and in a twinkling, without consulting his wishes, had given the order for their transportation to Brazil. That the destination specified was not Lyndhurst may be attributed to a certain something in the air of Africa, which had imbued Miss Bagshot with a taste for travel.

This time there were no admiring natives to be impressed by their arrival, The magic carpet deposited them unseen in a secluded clearing ; when, eventually, some Indians chanced to pass that way, their costume and situation excited nothing save derision and light-hearted enmity. They were nearly killed by poisoned arrows, deafened by the cries of parrots, and were forced to drink the waters of the Amazon, which were full of insects. Soon tiring of such discomforts, and of a diet of unripe bananas, they were whisked, at Miss Bagshot's desire, to the island of Tahiti. Here they were kindly treated by the natives, but were arrested by the French authorities for landing without papers of identification, and had great difficulty in escaping with the carpet to yet another quarter of the globe, again selected by Miss Bagshot.

Bouthwaite ventured to remonstrate with his fiancée upon the modern spirit of restlessness which had taken hold upon her, and to point out the advantages of a return to Lyndhurst. Miss Bagshot, now utterly possessed by the lust for travel, was obdurate. Squarely planted on the middle of the carpet, she demanded in a loud voice to be taken to Timbuctoo. In the same instant, her fiancé desired with equal firmness to be transported to Lyndhurst. Since to comply with both these contradictory demands at once was beyond the powers of the magic carpet, a condition of stalemate ensued. The lovers watched each other with eyes and ears extended to the utmost. Night fell, and found them still huddled as near to the centre of the carpet as each could get, alert for the slightest sound or movement on the other's part. They remained in this situation for some twenty hours, at the end of which time Miss Bagshot surrendered to the weakness of her sex, and fell asleep.

Her fiancé was nothing if not chivalrous. Though the dissension between them had killed his love, and rendered the prospect of returning to England in her company intolerable, he scorned to roll her senseless form from the carpet, as he might very easily have done, and go back without her. Instead, he took a firm hold upon the native sword with which the Bogolanders had furnished him, and neatly divided the magic carpet into two pieces of exactly equal size. Then, standing upon his half, he wished. To his amazement, nothing happened. Awakened by his cry of surprise, Miss Bagshot repeated her demand for transportation to Timbuctoo, with no better effect. A few minutes later, the former lovers shared the realisation that by his bisection of the carpet, Bouthwaite had destroyed its powers for ever, and rendered it impossible for them to leave their present situation. As they happened at the time to be in the heart of the Gobi Desert, where there is no water, and very little of anything else, they perished miserably. Their skeletons were found by the next company of film actors passing that way on location, and given decent burial.

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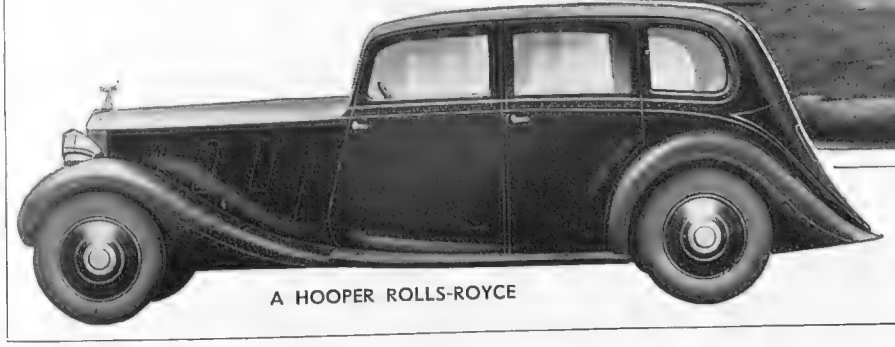


A HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE

Kennington Service

Summer Sport

(*Continued from page 115*)

and we must be forgiven this momentary gloating—to see the Americans trailing away behind for a change. An abler pen than mine has dealt with these golfing marvels elsewhere, but I must pay my tribute to Cotton. More than his skill, I admire his determination. He has mastered himself, the most difficult of all feats, and he goes into the Bradman class of games players. Bradman, during the recent Test matches in Australia, deliberately discarded the hook stroke for an entire innings of over two hundred, simply because it was risky. He just cut it out altogether, and any cricketer will appreciate that effort of self-control.

Now for a less satisfactory subject—rowing. Since I wrote about the Henley debacle, the controversy has flared up properly. What has happened to English rowing? And the pundits all say the same thing. Rowing, they reply, is at an uncommonly low ebb, largely because our crews do not train and practise sufficiently, but also because there is no widespread system of coaching.

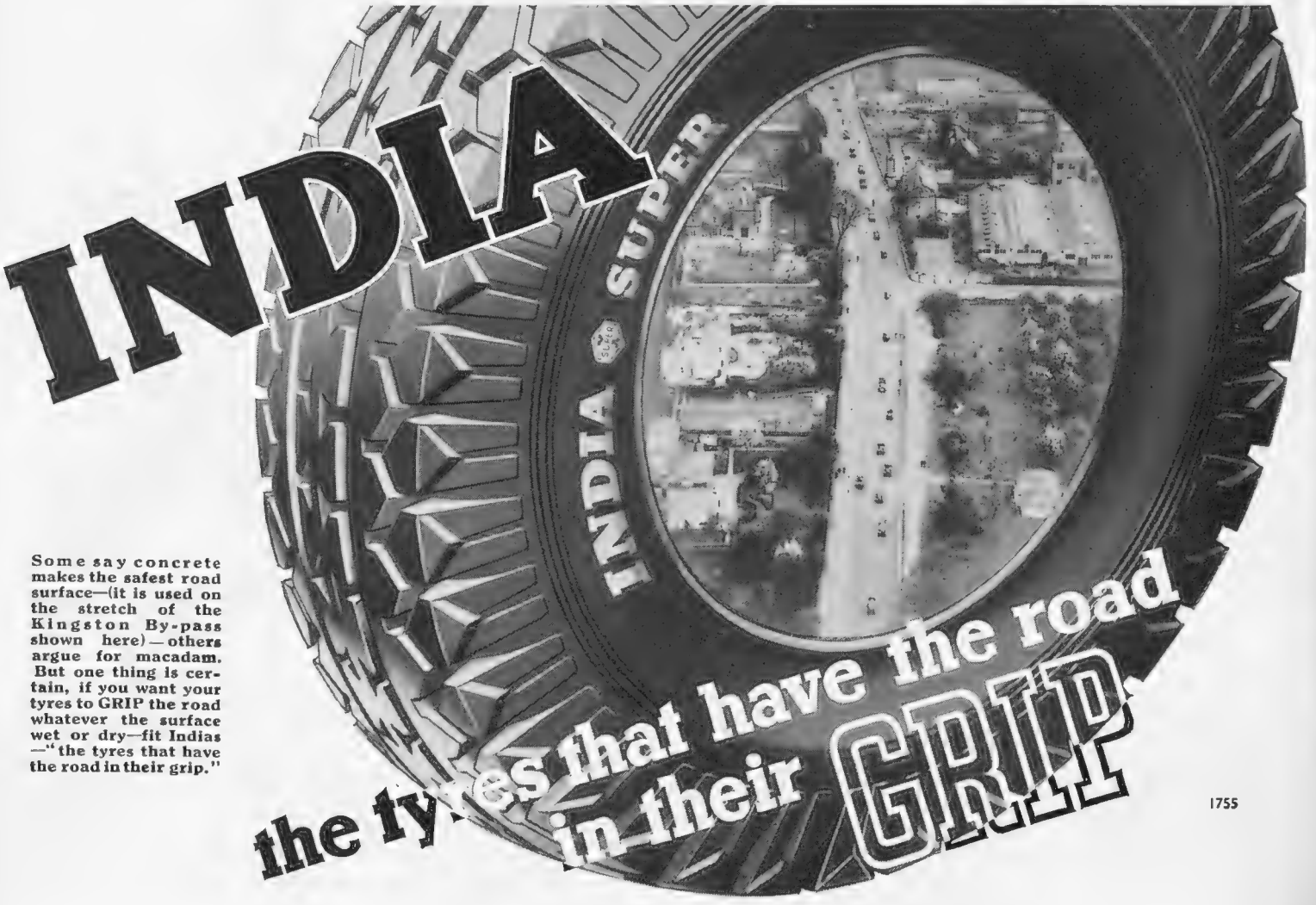
One authority suggests that there should be professional coaches at the schools and universities. It is true that our best professional coaches have gone abroad, to Europe and America, and they are now training the men who come and beat us at Henley. An ironical state of affairs, and whether the susceptibilities of the rowing purists are offended or not, it does seem a sensible suggestion that our own coaches should be procured to train our own crews.

That coaching is necessary was evident enough at Henley, where the styles of rowing were varied and peculiar indeed. The time has come to take the matter in hand, and prove that in rowing, as in athletics and golf, the master still has something to teach the pupil. Then we should only need a heavyweight championship victory by Tommy Farr to put us back where some people fondly imagine we belong!

The Gleneagles Hotel Golf Season Is On

The Hon. Mrs. Alec Mitchell was up there. She is the second of Lord Kinross's three daughters and was Rosemary Jean Balfour before her marriage to Alec Mitchell in 1934

Three more Gleneagles golfers were Mrs. Ian Pitman (Helen Lowe that was), Mr. Robertson and Lady Jean Mackintosh, daughter of the Duke of Hamilton and Mr. "Chris" Mackintosh's wife



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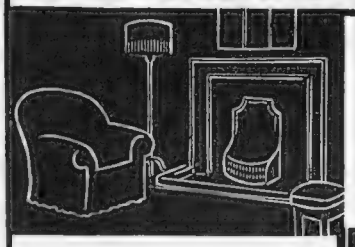

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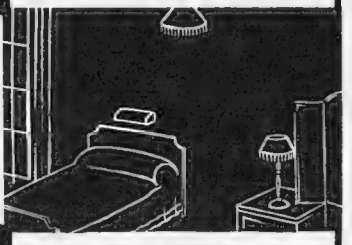

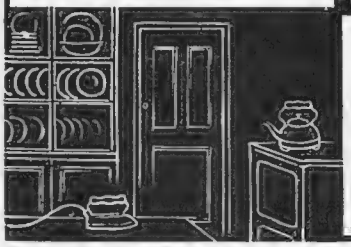

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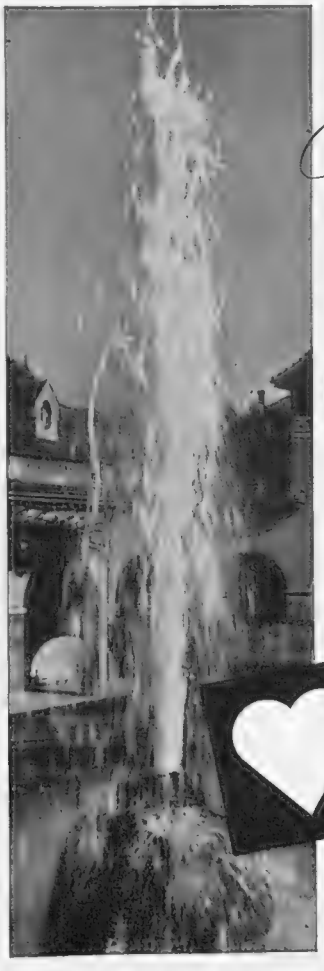

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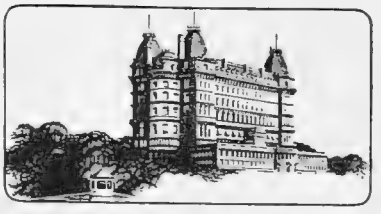

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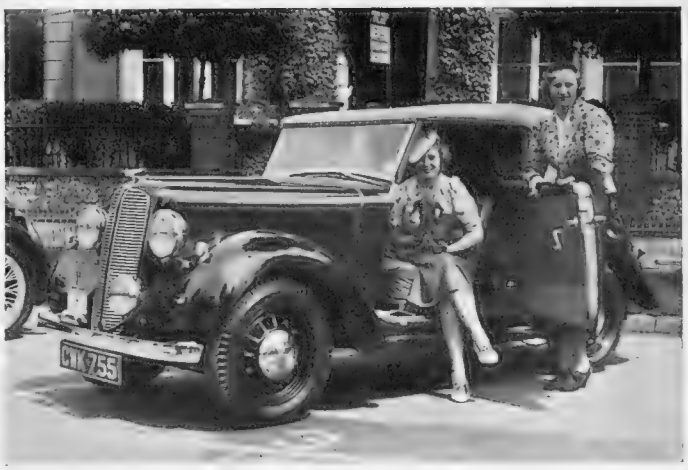
Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess



The new Hillman "Minx" of this design won first prize of its class (cars up to £250) at the Eastbourne Concours d'Élégance

A FEW nights ago I was discussing with a certain famous racing driver the subject of riding as a passenger in a touring car.

In reality I had expected him to tell me that he endures the torments of the damned in such circumstances, but to my surprise he declined to generalise on the subject.

"With a driver who knows what he is doing, I feel perfectly at ease," he said, "but there are some types of driver who really do frighten the wits out of me."

"Such as?" I ventured.

"Well," he replied, "my pet abomination is the driver who is hesitant. First he thinks he can just get past the car in front before the oncoming vehicle gets too close, then—after an uncertain attempt to do so he thinks that perhaps, after all, he'd better wait.

"Next he thinks he can enter the main road in top, then, at the last moment he decides to change down and by this time the revs. have dropped so low that the operation of changing gear monopolises his attention to the exclusion of far more important conditions—that is the sort of fellow who gives me the jidders."

"AND how do you identify the man you can trust?" I next asked him.

Without hesitation my friend replied, "I can spot the competent driver before he's done a hundred yards. There's something about the way he holds the steering wheel—you know, not a grim grip, but an easy mastery—something about the manner in which he engages the clutch, giving an imperceptible movement forward before the real business of accelerating begins. He is at once masterful without being forceful and his decisions are instant with his reactions. I like my driver to concentrate, but I don't like him to *appear* to concentrate. Above all, I know a man is a good driver if he knows how to 'waste time.'"

"Waste time?" I echoed; "what do you mean?"

"Well, when you are travelling fast and have to slow before passing a vehicle ahead of you on account of oncoming traffic, your inferior driver gets on the tail of the car in front and brakes, then draws out and accelerates; while your good driver cuts out much earlier and swerves very slightly in towards the kerb and out again; by so doing he covers more ground and so takes longer to reach the car he is about to overtake and, having saved his brakes, is still travelling faster when the time comes to accelerate away—that's what I mean by 'wasting time.'"

"Are you chary about being driven by strangers?" I asked him.

"No," he replied, "not so long as they don't know that I race."

"And if they know you are a racing driver, does it make them nervous?"

"No; it isn't that. On the contrary. The moment a man who is driving me knows that I race, he seems to take my presence as an implied challenge and he plants his hoof down on the accelerator and goes 'Hell for leather'—and in nine cases out of ten I don't like it!"

FINALLY, I asked my friend if he had any views on what a passenger should or should not do.

"Most emphatically," he replied. "There are some passengers who transform the most expert driver into an absolute oaf. Most particularly, I resent the man who clambers in carelessly and appears to take charge of the car. He winds the window up and down incessantly; flicks cigarette ash anywhere but in the ash-tray; and as likely as not opens a newspaper before we have reached the end of our journey or, after about 30 miles, enquires out of insincere politeness! 'What make is this car, old chap?'

"No," he went on, "Passengering hath her victories no less than driving. The whole thing is psychological. Give me the passenger who by his few (and they can scarcely be too few!) well-chosen comments shows that he is competent to appreciate not only the prowess of the driver, but also the performance of the car. That's a man worth driving."

RIDING mechanics in motor races are a thing of the past—except in America; but in the old days the riding mechanic was every whit as important to the success of the car as was the driver himself.

Not only had he to watch all the instruments and pump all the various pumps to keep the oil and petrol pressures up to par, but at discreetly chosen intervals he even had to squeeze the bulb-horn!

No flicking of ash or reading of newspapers for him!

Which only goes to show that this modern age of mobile boudoirs has begotten, appropriately enough, a suitable race of boudoir-pests to match.

ON Saturday, July 24th, there will be run at Donington an event of a most unusual kind for this country—a Twelve Hours' Race.

At Brooklands such a race would be virtually impossible owing to the inhibitions placed upon the organisers by the Weybridge inhabitants, but at Donington no such difficulties exist, and so from 7 a.m. to 7 p.m. on that day cars will thunder their way round this tricky circuit.

The race is for standard sports cars in "stripped" trim and many firms are using it as a kind of hors-d'œuvre to the T.T. on September 4th, in order to find out all they can about their cars before entering for that event.

Between twenty and thirty cars will start in the Twelve Hours' Race, and I am willing to wager that not more than six will finish—and it is my fervent wish that one of these may be the 1½-litre H.R.G. which I am to drive.

This is a comparatively new *marque*; but it is a thoroughbred through and through, and has been amazingly successful lately whenever it has entered for Speed Trials or Hill Climbs.

An official team of "Works" Rileys will compete and so will a Frazer-Nash-B.M.W. In addition there will be a crop of M.G.s, so the fun should be at least fast even if not furious.

The main event of the first big programme on the new Campbell circuit at Brooklands was a class handicap over six laps. It was won by H. L. Hadley in a supercharged 750 c.c. Austin (furthest from camera); the nearer driver is C. L. Goodacre

"In Quest of Good Hotels"

By Ashley Courtenay

British Hotels used to be the Aunt Sally of any chance journalist in search of "copy" and sundry other dyspeptic persons. That is no longer the case. And, although the Englishman is primarily a homelover, hotels have adapted themselves to his increasing wayfaring proclivities. But hotels are as different and individual as their visitors. Mr. Courtenay, with a rare combination of "flair" and experience, is becoming the recognized connecting link. Hotels are his hobby and his profession. More and more people are enjoying his weekly articles on the subject in "THE SPHERE" and every morning he receives enquiries for detailed information. Unlike explorers whose activities devolve some 1000 miles up the Amazon, Mr. Courtenay's "discoveries" make excellent objectives for all who like a week-end in the country . . . or just somewhere to stay for a social event in town or country.

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OLLEY AIR SERVICE, LTD.

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SPECIAL DAILY SERVICE, BRIGHTON (SHOREHAM)-DEAUVILLE

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HARRY RICHMAN

The highest paid American Cabaret Singer who flew across the Atlantic with Dick MERRILL will sing at the **AMBASSADEURS** from August 3—16

In July and August
33 Days of Horse Races on Two Race Courses. £50,000 in Prizes.

Sunday, August 22nd:
GRAND PRIX DE DEAUVILLE

ROULETTE — BANQUE OUVERTE — BACCARAT

F. Andre, Managing Director. Same management as Casino Municipal, Cannes.

The "Bystander"

GIRLS' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (19th Year)

HOLDER: PEGGY EDWARDS.

Scratch Match-Play Knock-out Tournament at Stoke Poges,

September 8, 9th and 10th. No Qualifying Round.

September 6th—International Match, Scotland v. England.

September 7th—Girls' Golfing Society's Meeting (Medal Play).

The *Girls' Open Championship* is open to all girls, of any nationality, who will be under nineteen years of age on September 10th, 1937.

Entries will be received up to sixty-four. Any over this number will be placed on a waiting list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawals will be filled up to the time play starts. Entries close on Thursday, August 19th, and must be made on the entrance form which appears below.

The winner, runner-up and two semi-finalists in 1936 and the four next lowest handicaps will be "seeded."

Competitors will be drawn to play in a scratch knock-out match-play tournament at Stoke Poges, September 8th, 9th and 10th. Halved matches to be played to a finish.

Challenge Cup and replica to the winner; prizes to the runner-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

Entrance forms and all communications to be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

The Proprietors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter and amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final.

The Craig Challenge Cup, scratch bogey, will be played for on September 9th by players beaten in the first, second and third rounds of the Championship.

Stoke Court Challenge Cup.—For the player staying at Stoke Court, or who has applied for a room there and been refused, who remains in the Championship for the greatest number of rounds. A tie between two players to be decided by playing the best of three holes match play; a tie between more than two as announced.

Competitors not playing in the match Scotland v. England may practise free of charge on Monday, September 6th, and all mothers or chaperons at a reduced green-fee of 3s. 6d.

SCOTLAND v. ENGLAND

HOLDERS: SCOTLAND.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, AT 2 O'CLOCK.

An eighteen-hole match will be played at Stoke Poges between teams chosen from competitors in the Girls' Championship, 1937, representing Scotland and England. Qualifications: either parent, birth, or last two years' residence.

Challenge Cup, presented by Captain J. R. A. Stroyan, to be held for a year by the captain of the winning team, a silver medal to each member of that team, and bronze medals to the losing team. Competitors to state on their entry forms which country they are qualified to represent, and whether they would like to play if chosen.

WHERE TO STAY

Special Terms are offered to competitors and their friends at the following addresses:

STOKE COURT, STOKE POGES, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms: 16s. 6d. per day.

FARNHAM COMMON PRIVATE HOTEL. Terms: 10s. 6d. inclusive per day.

"COLLINSWOOD," FARNHAM COMMON. Terms: 13s. 6d. to £1 1s. per day.

Competitors should apply *early* to the Manager at any of these.

ENTRANCE FORM — No Entrance Fee

The "Bystander" Girls' Open Championship,
19th Year,
Stoke Poges, September 8th, 9th and 10th, 1937

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, not later than Thursday, August 19th.

Please enter

Miss.....

Home Address .....

.....

Telephone No. .....

Date and year of birth..... *Club (if any)*.....

I am qualified for {*Scotland, *England,} *Handicap (if any)*.....

*and should like / *but should not like } to play if chosen.

* Cross out whichever does not apply.

All entries for the BYSTANDER Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the BYSTANDER during the current month. **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

The "Bystander"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(16th Year) Ranelagh, October 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th, 1937

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(12th Year) Roehampton, October 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th, 1937

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.

ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up and semi-finalists.

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Thursday, September 16th, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by postcard. Such acknowledgment does not necessarily mean that the entrants will be entitled to play.*

On September 16th the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes; vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reductions of handicap should be notified at once to Miss E. E. Helme.

The eight lowest handicap pairs in each tournament will be seeded.

Pairs who have reached any BYSTANDER Foursomes final during 1936 or 1937, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, have the option of being put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists*, and the entrants *must* state in which tournament they wish to play.

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps; and from any other players at the discretion of the BYSTANDER.

Both foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅞ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss E. E. Helme* of the change.

The Proprietors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to accept or refuse any entry and to alter or amend any of these conditions. The decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1937 **No Entrance Fee**

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street London, E.C.4, not later than Thursday, September 16th.

Ladies' Autumn Foursomes—
Ranelagh, October 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th

Roehampton Foursomes—
Roehampton, October 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* .....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address .....

.....*Telephone No.*.....

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner

Mrs. / *Miss* .....*of*.....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address .....

.....*Telephone No.*.....

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number, to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above address

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON JULY

Name {*Mrs.* / *Miss*} .....

Address .....

.....

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MARSHALL & SNELGROVE'S INVITATION TO AUTUMN

AS a House of Fashion we are always a little ahead of the mode—leading style rather than following it.

AND although our July Sale is now in progress, we have arranged for a Special Section in each of our fashion Salons to be devoted to a display of Advance Autumn Fashions.

WE are showing the new Models in Suits, Ensembles, Coats and Day and Evening Gowns, as well as a fine collection of clothes for the North.

From the special display of Early Autumn Knitwear.

THE Jersey Two-piece shown on the left is a very effective mixture of a multi-coloured check and spot design on a black ground. The edges of the Coat are finished with pipings of the three predominating colours.

9 Gns.

KNITTING and Tweed combined in a jaunty Three-piece Suit. The model photographed on the right is portrayed in Serpent, the new Autumn colour; the georgette scarf is in Auburn colour.

11½ Gns.

Special measures 10/6 extra.

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Getting Married :

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Kay Vaughan

Molly Chapman

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Chapman, of Hillfield, Harrow-on-the-Hill, and is engaged to Captain S. E. Chamier, M.C., R.A., of Pilmoor Estate, Kuala Lumpur, only son of the late Capt. Chamier and Mrs. Herbert Cory, of 14, Roland Gdns., S.W.

Stuart Hamilton

Marie Louise Bloch

Is the niece of Captain Leonard Plugge, M.P. for Rochester, of 98, Park Lane, and has announced her engagement to Reginald Richard Eyre, younger son of Professor and Mrs. John Eyre, of 51, Portland Place, W.1

Bassano

Barbara Burstall

Is the second daughter of Lieut.-General Sir Henry and Lady Burstall, of Headbourne Grange, Winchester; she is engaged to Lt. Anthony Cole, R.N., younger son of the late Comdr. J. F. H. Cole and Mrs. Oliver Leggett, of Melton House, Waterloo, Portsmouth

Tunbridge

Doris Randall-Johnson

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Randall-Johnson, of 14, Warwick Square, S.W.1; she is engaged to Hugo Atherton Chisenhale-Marsh, only son of the late Capt. Chisenhale-Marsh, of Gaynes Park, Epping

Vandyk

Patricia Dobree Anderson

Is the daughter of the late Captain Max Anderson and Mrs. J. C. Tate, of Bawnmore, Hants., and is engaged to Arthur Rupert Courtney Kelynge Greenway, 1st/3rd Gurkha Rifles, second son of the late Captain J. J. K. Greenway and Mrs. Greenway

Bassano

Penelope Barnes

Is the only daughter of the late G. H. Barnes and Mrs. Barnes, of Sunhill Lane, Topsham, Exeter, and has announced her engagement to Maurice Williams, R.A.F., only son of Canon W. G. and Mrs. Williams, of Napier, New Zealand

Elliott & Fry

Margaret Warrand

Margaret Florence Mary Warrand, only daughter of the late Rev. H. K. and Mrs. Warrand, of Westhorpe Hall, Southwell, Notts., is engaged to Group-Capt. Henry Ivan Hanmer, eldest son of the late John Hanmer and Mrs. Hanmer, of Saynden, Staplehurst, Kent

Bassano

Sylvia Haworth-Booth

Is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Digby Clifton Haworth-Booth, of The Mill House, Balcombe, Sussex, and is engaged to Lancelot Elliot Barker, second son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Elliot Francis Barker

Hollis — Swayne

Roger Henry Hollis, third son of the Bishop of Taunton and Mrs. Hollis, of The Liberty, Wells, Somerset, was married by his father at Wells Cathedral, to Evelyn Esmé Swayne. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Swayne, of Abbeywood, Burnham-on-Sea

McIntyre — Lanyon

Paymaster Lt.-Comdr. James McIntyre, only son of Mrs. Drake-Brockman, of Staverton Vicarage, Totnes, Devon, and Susan Mary Elizabeth Lanyon, only daughter of Paymaster Rear-Admiral T. T. and the late Mrs. Lanyon, of Culver, Saltash, Cornwall, were married at Saltash

Hunter — Grant

Robin Arbuthnott Hunter, elder son of the late Robert Cecil Hunter and Mrs. Hunter, of Elm Farm, Woolton Hill, Newbury, and Melanie Grant, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William West Grant, of Denver, Col., U.S.A., were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Crawshaw — Lane

R. W. Crawshaw and Lettice Lane were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. He is the son of Mr. R. Crawshaw, of Selwyn House, Broadstairs; she is the daughter of the late J. H. H. V. Lane, of King's Bromley Manor, Staffs., and the Hon. Mrs. Lane, of Redlands, Thakeham, Sussex

Maidment — Leitch

Kenneth John Maidment, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Maidment, of 212, Percy Road, Whitton, Middlesex, and Isobel Felicity Leitch, youngest daughter of the late Professor Archibald Leitch and Dr. Ethel Leitch, of 23, Parkside Drive, Edgware, were married at St. Michael-at-the-North-Gate, Oxford

McNab — Lauder

Andrew Denis McNab, only son of the late Andrew McNab and Mrs. McNab, of Midton House, Howwood, Renfrewshire, and Nancy Niven Lauder, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Lauder, of Bowden Hall, Chapel-en-le-Frith, Derbyshire, were married at Chapel-en-le-Frith

Burton — Robertson

Left: Geoffrey Cecil Burton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Burton, of 101, Hendon Lane, N.3, and Catherine Anne Roberison, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Robertson, of Albert Hall Mansions, S.W., were married at St. Columba's (Church of Scotland), Pont St.

Right: Sysselmann Wolmer Marlow, Governor of Spitsbergen, married Hester Mary Debenham at Holy Trinity, Paddington. She is the second daughter of Sir Ernest Debenham, Bt., and Lady Debenham, of 8, Addison Rd., Kensington

Marlow — Debenham

Ward — Atkin

Elias Sayre Ward, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Ward, of New Jersey, U.S.A., married Evelyn Mary Atkin, daughter of the late Edward Atkin, Barrister-at-Law, and Mrs. Atkin, of Addlestone, Surrey, at St. John's, West Byfleet

Deverell — Nevile

At Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, John Dalton Deverell, son of Field-Marshal Sir Cyril and Lady Deverell, of 10, Berkeley Court, W.1, married Marjorie Evelyn Nevile, daughter of Major M. M. H. Nevile, of Hatfield, and Mrs. Evelyn Nevile, of 49, Grosvenor Street, W.

Harrap — Smyly

Captain R. T. G. Harrap, 13th/18th Hussars, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Harrap, of Marsh House, Bentley, Hants., and Elizabeth Smyly, daughter of the late Major and Mrs. R. J. Smyly, of Sweethay Court, Taunton, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

July 21 — July 27

First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Malcolm Keen is in the name-part of this amusing, crooked long-runner: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Fri., 2.30.

BATS IN THE BELFRY.—Aunt Lilian Braithwaite, with Henry Kendall opposite, decides the destiny of Lydia Sherwood and Janet Johnson and others in an amusing comedy: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

COMUS.—Milton's lovely mask is preceded by Nina Theilade's ballet: Open Air Theatre, 8.15. Thurs. Sat., 2.30.

HAMLET.—Christopher Oldham is the Prince, supported by Torin Thatcher, Gillian Scaife, Cecil Trouncer; the play in its entirety: Westminster, 7. Wed., 2.30.

JUDGMENT DAY.—Elmer Rice at his best in a dramatically full-blooded comment on dictatorships; big and young cast acts well: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE KING'S PIRATE.—Careful historically and lively dramatically, it treats of the Raleigh who survived into James I.'s reign; Wyndham Goldie in the lead: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

SARAH SIMPLE.—A. A. Milne's quiet comedy has divorce and re-marriage in the air between a charming, determined Leonora Corbett and a complacent A. R. Whatmore: Garrick, 8.40. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Representative Shakespeare programme throughout the summer at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICTORIA REGINA.—The top production of the summer; Pamela Stanley's Queen is fine acting, Carl Esmond excellent as Albert; the Whistler settings are superb: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WOMEN OF PROPERTY.—Griffith Jones and Mary Morris in a parochial unravelling of passions set in Finland: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—Colourful and fairly tuneful romance of the Russian revolution has Roger Treville and Muriel Angelus in the lead, Clifford Mollison in the funny part: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FLOODLIGHT.—Beverley Nichols' revue keeps a nice standard of sentiment, humour, sense and tunefulness; Frances Day, John Mills, Hermione Baddeley; excellent décor by René Hubert: Saville, 8.30. Wed., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 94.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slap-stick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

ST. MORITZ.—Pamela Prior heads the skating and other stars in this winter sports spectacle with a real ice stage: Coliseum, 2.15 and 8.30.

WONDERFUL WORLD.—This revue will do well for a light giggling evening; Florence Desmond tops a good bill: Palace, 6.20 and 9.

Mirth and Mystery

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle in St. John Ervine's sparkling long-runner: Whitehall, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.—Dennis Arundell and Veronica Turleigh as Dorothy Sayers' ready-made but amusing detective couple, in an effective if simple plot: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Lively laughter-maker with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, Leueen McGrath and Guy Middleton: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noël Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

YOU want Best Seats
WE have them
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HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's school life comedy is back again, with the same cast—Frederick Leister, J. H. Roberts, John Ford, Rosalyn Boulter: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

LONDON AFTER DARK.—Marion Lorne tremulously in trouble again with a typical Hackett plot whose suspense is well-maintained: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

NO SLEEP FOR THE WICKED.—Peter Haddon as a quarter-witted, charming, successful secret agent up against rum-runners in Algiers; Claire Luce, too, in this improbable play: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A SPOT OF BOTHER.—Alfred Drayton and Robertson Hare and some smugglers cause the bother in an out-and-out farce: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THEY CAME BY NIGHT.—By the author of *Dr. Clitterhouse*, this thriller about crooks has the same pleasing touch; Owen Nares and Ursula Jeans: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER.—Some food for thought, some for laughter in this table-turning play with Sybil Thorndike, Jessica Tandy and Evelyn Roberts: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

Edna Wood

She is one of the soubrettes in the constant but ever-new Revudeville at the Windmill, Vivian Van Damm's production now in its sixth year and nearing its 100th edition

First Night

MALVERN FESTIVAL.—The ninth drama festival opens with Shaw's *The Millionairess*: Mon., 26th.

CINEMAS

DER AMMENKÖNIG (German).—A clever piece of satire in brilliant rococo setting with Käthe Gold and Gustav Knuth: Studio One.

CALL IT A DAY (American).—Ian Hunter and Freida Inescourt, Olivia de Havilland, Bonita Granville and Peter Willes interpret Dodie Smith's family life comedy: New Gallery.

THE COURT WALTZES (French).—A musical film of the Lanner-Strauss waltz-battle in Vienna and London: Curzon.

THE GREAT GAMBINI (American).—Akim Tamiroff, Marian Marsh and John Trent in a murder mystery: Plaza.

DER HERRSCHER (German).—Emil Jannings has a stern part as "the boss" in this 1936 prize film: Berkeley.

I MET HIM IN PARIS (American).—Witty dialogue and direction, and amusing acting by Claudette Colbert, Melvyn Douglas, Robert Young: Carlton.

LLOYD'S OF LONDON (American).—A stirring drama of Nelson's stirring times, with an insurance background; Freddie Bartholomew, Madeleine Carroll, Tyrone Power: Marble Arch Pavilion.

LOST HORIZON (American).—Capra's newest from Hilton's book is almost convincing apart from some watery philosophy; Ronald Colman, Jane Wyatt, Edward Everett Horton: Tivoli.

ON THE AVENUE (American).—Madeleine Carroll, Dick Powell, Alice Faye and the Ritz Brothers in Irving Berlin's spectacular subject: Regal.

PARNELL (American).—If you can stomach Clark Gable as the Irish patriot you will find the rest of this film well done: Empire.

SAN QUENTIN (American).—Pat O'Brien and Ann Sheridan in a prison-life film; also *Speed to Spare* (American), a motor racer: London Pavilion.

TOP OF THE TOWN (American).—A large-size musical with Doris Nolan, George Murphy, Gregory Ratoff, the Three Sailors: Leicester Square.

WHEN 'S YOUR BIRTHDAY? (American).—Joe E. Brown and Marion Marsh in a tale of crooked boxing promotion; also Gene Raymond and Ann Sothern in *There Goes My Girl*: Gaumont.

Premiere

YIDDLE WITH HIS FIDDLE (Polo-Yiddish).—Molly Picon in an infectiously gay comedy set in Poland with Yiddish dialogue: Academy, to-night, 21st.

BALLET

DE BASIL'S BALLETS RUSSES at Covent Garden, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LE PAVILLON, JEUX D'ENFANTS, SCUOLA DI BALLO.—To-day, 21st (mat.).

LE PAVILLON, SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE, SPECTRE DE LA ROSE, DANSES SLAVES ET TZIGANES.—To-night, 21st.

LA CONCURRENCE, FRANCESCA DA RIMINI, FEMMES DE BONNE HUMEUR.—Thurs., 22nd.

CIMAROSIANA, FRANCESCA DA RIMINI, MARIAGE D'AURORE.—Fri., 23rd.

LES SYLPHIDES, CENT BAISERS, SPECTRE DE LA ROSE, DANSES SLAVES ET TZIGANES.—Sat., 24th (mat.).

LAC DES CYGNES, SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE, LA BOUTIQUE FANTASQUE.—Sat., 24th.

CIMAROSIANA, UNION PACIFIC, SPECTRE DE LA ROSE, PRINCE IGOR.—Mon., 26th.

JEUX D'ENFANTS, CLEOPATRA, L'OISEAU DE FEU.—Tues., 27th.

EXHIBITIONS

ROYAL ACADEMY.—The summer show is entering its last weeks: Burlington House, 9-7.

CONSTABLE CENTENARY EXHIBITION.—Tate Gallery.

FRENCH DRAWINGS.—Cézanne, Degas, Sisley, Renoir, Picasso, Dufy, etc.: Adams Gallery.

TELEVISION EXHIBITION.—Science Museum, Kensington.

SPORT

In and Out of Town

YALE UNIVERSITY v. E.G.U., WOODHALL SPA G.C.—Fri., 23rd (till Sunday).

M.C.C. v. Holland, Lord's; Second Test, New Zealand v. England, Manchester (till 27th); Davis Cup challenge round, Wimbledon (till 27th); Polo Hunt Cup final, Ranelagh, Sat., 24th.

GOODWOOD RACES.—Steward's Cup, Tues., 27th.

AND we have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

BY APPOINTMENT

Special Prices for Made-to-Order

Tailoring

Until Sept. 11th from 9½ gns.

In order to maintain our workroom organisation at full strength during the "between seasons" period, the new Autumn models will be available to copy at special prices for all orders placed before the 11th of September. In the Model Gown Department, gowns will be copied in the Court Dressmaking workrooms from 8½ gns.

Appointments may now be made to secure the services of the expert tailors and fitters of the House.

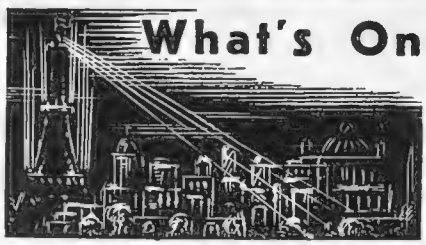
A new design for the Autumn tailor-made in light-weight tweed, with novelty flat stitched revers and the broad shoulder line. Made to order from 9½ *Gns.*

Debenham&Freebody

(Debenhams Ltd.)

WIGMORE STREET, W.1

PARIS 1937



The "Bystander's" Guide to Paris During the Exhibition

EXHIBITION NEWS

AMONG the least publicised but highly useful features of the Exhibition are the Conventions, or Congresses, as they are called in French, which are held daily in the various pavilions.

One of the most important of these was the Advertising Men's Convention, which concorded with the opening of the Pavilion of Publicity. It attracted delegates from forty-three different countries, including a large delegation from Japan. Many British advertising associations were represented as well. The French Federation, under the able leadership of Monsieur Charles Maillard, did everything possible to make this Convention a success both from a social and business standpoint. The Convention was closed by a highly successful Farewell Gala Banquet (over 300 people attended) which was organised by Monsieur Pierre Bastide, one of the leading advertising men of France, who has done much to promote a spirit of internationalism in advertising.

Among other important Conventions scheduled are:

JULY 24TH.—International Convention of Catholic Students.

JULY 24TH.—Convention of the French Association for the Advancement of Science.

JULY 25TH.—International Convention of Political Science.

JULY 26TH.—International Convention of Education.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—Hearing Shakespeare in French through a loudspeaker was an original experience in itself, and the children's ballets, performing under the trees of the Bagatelle Garden, offered an entrancing spectacle. Unfortunately, the weather did not co-operate, and what would have been one of the loveliest fêtes of Paris, was cut short by a shower. It is to be hoped that the next grandiose spectacle: the Passion Play in front of the Notre Dame Cathedral, will be favoured by a warmer, clearer night.

Monsieur Jean Labusquière, of the house of Jeanne Lanvin, who has brilliantly organised and directed the Pavilion of Elegance at the Exhibition

THE PAVILION OF ELEGANCE

THE pale-blue Pavilion of Elegance, a huge but gracefully proportioned building situated on the Seine next to the Italian Pavilion, was formally inaugurated on June 30th, in the presence of Mme. Jeanne Lanvin, the President of the Sub-Committee of the Exhibition, M. Labusquière, of the firm of Jeanne Lanvin, the General Commissioner of the Exhibition, M. Edmond Labbé, and other officials of the French Government Inasmuch as elegance—especially feminine elegance—is one of the great contributions of Paris to the world—the Pavilion has been most eagerly awaited. No one was disappointed, and the unavoidable delay in opening was soon forgotten in contemplating this splendid and wholly novel Pavilion, which is extremely important in that it sets the tone of the entire Exhibition. The World's Fair of 1900 had an unmistakable effect on world fashions; the results of the 1925 Exhibition of Decorative Arts is still evident; and the trend of the 1937 Exhibition—which is something quite different—was made clear and vivid by this new Pavilion. In a word, it is the crystallisation of Sur-realism and the influence of Christian Bérard's paintings.

The interior of the Pavilion is totally unlike any other on the Exhibition grounds, and could only be compared to the cave of Ali-Baba. The indirect lighting, the pale-blue arching walls, the vast perspectives of classic arches, the picturesque artificial rocks, the subtly graded levels of the exhibits, the charming guardian lion in pink plaster with a mane of red plush—all contribute to the dream-like atmosphere of this daringly new genre of interior decoration.

Before the doors were opened, and the smart throng allowed to enter, the question everyone was asking was: "Will it look like a department-store display?" For no one could guess how gowns could be shown on wax figures without evoking a department-store atmosphere. Wax figures were not used. The sculptor Couturier had created a number of lively, graceful, faceless plaster statues, in the best modern tradition, and the gowns were draped on these with a most unexpectedly beautiful effect.

The Parisian couturiers, given this extraordinary opportunity of showing their creations to thousands of people from all over the world, have lived up to their reputation in a gratifying way. There is not a gown which does not offer a particular interest (to those interested in elegance, of course!), while the exhibit of Lanvin has that timeless quality about it associated with great works of art.

The furriers have contributed some amazingly luxurious exhibits as well, while the parfumeurs, displaying their flaçons in occasional niches in the walls, added a pleasant decorative note to the Pavilion as a whole.

Masculine elegance had its rôle in the Pavilion as well. The leading English and French tailors presented models of full-dress clothes which caused a great deal of comment—and surprise. Tail-coats in pale blue or Burgundy broadcloth with black trousers and white shirt were among some of the more startling innovations.

Perched on top of the Pavilion like a gigantic bird-cage, is the restaurant, managed by the Hotel Ritz. Because of its cage-like form—the effect is obtained with bamboo walls and a bamboo-latticed roof—the restaurant has been called the Club des Oiseaux (Birds' Club). Eddie South and his melodious orchestra play. Since this restaurant is certain to be the smartest rendezvous of the Exhibition, tables must be reserved (Tel.: Invalides 77-84). In the afternoons, Thé-Cocktails will be held, and will be featured by fashion parades.

THE GALA DE LA DANSE

As soon as the Horticultural Exhibition in the Grand Palais had ended, workmen began to transform it into a gigantic theatre. There are 12,000 seats, and the stage is one of the largest in the world.

The first performance was given on July 2nd—the Gala de la Danse—one of the most grandiose spectacles of the Exhibition. Serge Lifar danced with the corps de ballet of the Opéra, the Châtelet, the Porte Saint-Martin Theatre, and the Gaité Lyrique Theatre

The Gunther Ballet of Berlin—imported specially for the occasion—offered a severe contrast to the sixty negro dancers of the French African Colonies, who danced to the complex jungle rhythms of tom-toms.

Scotland was represented too, in this international gala, by kilted Highlanders with their bagpipes; but the great success of the evening was the Spanish dancer, "La Theresina," who is carrying on the traditions of the late Argentina. She was accompanied by the Cola of Barcelona, and received an enthusiastic ovation.

THE POLISH PAVILION

THE Poles have not limited their participation in the Exhibition to their own Pavilion, but have contributed as well to the Scientific Exhibitions of the Palace of Discovery, to the Museum of Man, the Trocadero Museum, to the Palace of Education. They also show some stage settings in the building devoted to the theatre, and they have a stand in the Pavilion of Publicity.

A special exhibition, called "Chopin, Georges Sand and their Romantic Friends," was opened on July 15th in the Polish Library, 6 Quai d'Orleans, under the auspices of Monsieur François Pulaski, a delegate of the Polish Academy of Letters and Sciences. This Exhibition groups portraits, manuscripts and souvenirs of the great Polish musician and the French authoress.

In the railway station of the Invalides, the Transportation Ministry of Poland is exhibiting a modern

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locomotive, a sleeping car, a car which includes a bar, a cinema and dance floor, another car with two bathrooms and shower-bath, a hairdresser's establishment and an operating room for urgent cases. It seems that railway travel in Poland is very de luxe, indeed!

Another Polish initiative is the exhibition of dolls, illustrating the national Polish Dances in the Pavilion of International Archives of the Dance (Parc des Attractions).

Credit must be given to the remarkable organising powers of the Commissioner for Poland, Mr. Lech Niemojewski, and to the efforts of his assistant, Mr. Henri Stebelski, the Secretary of the Embassy, in making the Polish participation such a marked success. The soirées given at the Polish Pavilion in the past few weeks have proved to be some of the most brilliant social events of the season.

THE FINNISH PAVILION

It is generally conceded among professional interior decorators here that the Finnish Pavilion takes first place for its glassware and rugs. Unlike most of the pavilions, this one is built in wood, and the architecture pleasantly combines the rustic national qualities with the most advanced modern conceptions. There are exhibits of the touristic delights of this lake-dotted, forest-covered land, as well as the beautiful examples of Finnish ceramic art. The yarn rugs, of rich and varied colours, which ornament the walls and floors are daily admired by hundreds of visitors.

THE NEW AQUARIUM

Those who lamented the passing of the charming old aquarium of the Trocadero will be more than consoled by the new one which occupies the same place, but which is much larger. Over 150 specimens of fish, domestic and exotic, swim for the delighted spectators in the subterranean galleries of the new aquarium. One of the "specialties" however, is not a fish, but a diver, who descends into a large illuminated tank to ride a bicycle and make underwater radio announcements. He performs four times a day.

SOME STATISTICS . . .

Counting all the fountains in the *Trocadero Gardens*, the luminous fountains of the Seine and of the Aquatic Theatre, the amazing number of 3000 jets is obtained. The fountains play in the form of tulips, curtains, cascades, rockets, rivers, fans—some 400 different forms in all. The Trocadero boasts the largest fountain in the world; the water is projected 150 feet. When all the fountains play at once—as they do during the great water festivals at night—more than 54,000 cubic metres of water are used per hour—15,000 quarts per second!

The tower of the *German Pavilion* weighs as much as the Eiffel Tower—approximately 7000 tons. Each of the eighteen pillars weighs approximately 400 tons. The foundations are made of some 500 piles of cement, some going as deep as 60 feet in the earth. Over 1000 freight cars were used to transport the 10,000 tons of material employed in the entire building—3000 tons of stone, 2800 tons of steel. When the Exhibition is over this building will be taken down stone by stone and re-erected in Germany as a permanent exhibit.

The magnificent entrance of the *Porte Alma* is made of wood. The two monumental towers are each 153 feet high, 10 feet wide and 30 feet deep. The total weight is 3500 tons. The wood comes from all the forests of France, from the Jura, from Alsace, the Northern provinces, pine and oak being chiefly used. One hundred saw-mills were given the work of cutting the wood. The scaffolding alone, if placed end to end, would approximate 300 miles! The total cost amounted to 8,000,000 francs. This colossal gate was built to demonstrate the constructive and decorative possibilities of wood, which is incomparable for flexibility, ease of handling and resistance. Its resistance, weight for weight, equals that of steel. Six months were required to build the gate and hundreds of workmen and sculptors were employed.

The Museum of Modern Art, which will be a permanent building, has a roof of metal and glass. There is a ceiling of glass, as well, and between the ceiling and the roof, the air is warmed so that the glass is never clouded by frost or dew.

The largest photograph in the world decorates the inner façade of the *Austrian Pavilion*. It shows a mountain scene; measures 90 by 36 feet.

The value of the *Diamond Exhibit of the Belgian Pavilion* has been estimated at £4,000,000. There are twenty show windows, displaying rough-cut diamonds, diamonds of every colour and cut in every shape, allegorical decorations made of diamonds and precious stones. One diamond, in the centre window, weighs 13 grams, is almond shaped, and is worth £40,000. Five guards, armed with revolvers, watch the crowds. All these diamonds come from Antwerp, the world's largest diamond market.

The statue of a young man and woman which tops the tower of the *Russian Pavilion* is the largest in the Exhibition and is 75 feet high. It weighs 130,000 pounds and is made of rustless steel. Constructed in Russia, it was sent in pieces to France, where it was electrically soldered together. The Russian Pavilion also boasts of the most costly map in the Exhibition. It is a map in mosaic, framed in bronze, weighing 12,000 pounds and measuring 22 square yards. It required 667 workmen, jewellers, geographers and engineers to finish this map—a year's work. Over 120,000 tiles of mosaic were used—tiles made of green jasper to indicate the plains, lapis-lazuli to indicate rivers, seas and oceans; rose rhodomite for the frontiers lines of rubies to separate the eleven provinces; huge rubies in five-pointed stars to mark the leading cities, the names of which were set in emeralds. Diamond incrustations give special prominence to Moscow. Heavy industries are shown by rubies in various shapes, light industries by amethysts. Railway lines are traced in platinum, oil pipe lines in cloudy topaz. All these precious and semi-precious stones have been mined in Russia; there are some 8000 stones in all, worth £30,000,000. It is one of the marvels of the Exhibition.

SPECIAL TRAVEL FACILITIES

Tourists entering France from April 15th to October 31st and staying in Paris for five days or more, are offered special travel facilities, if, before entering France they buy a—*Carte de Legitimation* (which costs only 20 francs and which entitles them to): 1. A 50 % reduction on French railway fares; 2. A 15 % reduction on all air travel via "Air-France" lines; 3. A 25 % reduction on entrance fees to Paris Museums; 4. Ten half-rate admission tickets to the Exhibition. For further information apply to all railway, steamship and tourist agencies or to the—Commissioner General, Paris International Exhibition, 1937, Service de la Propagande, 7 Rue de Presbourg, Paris, France, French Railways, 179, Piccadilly, London.

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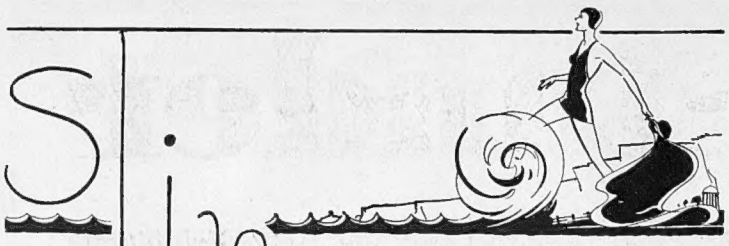

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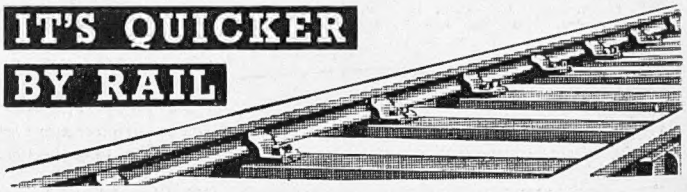

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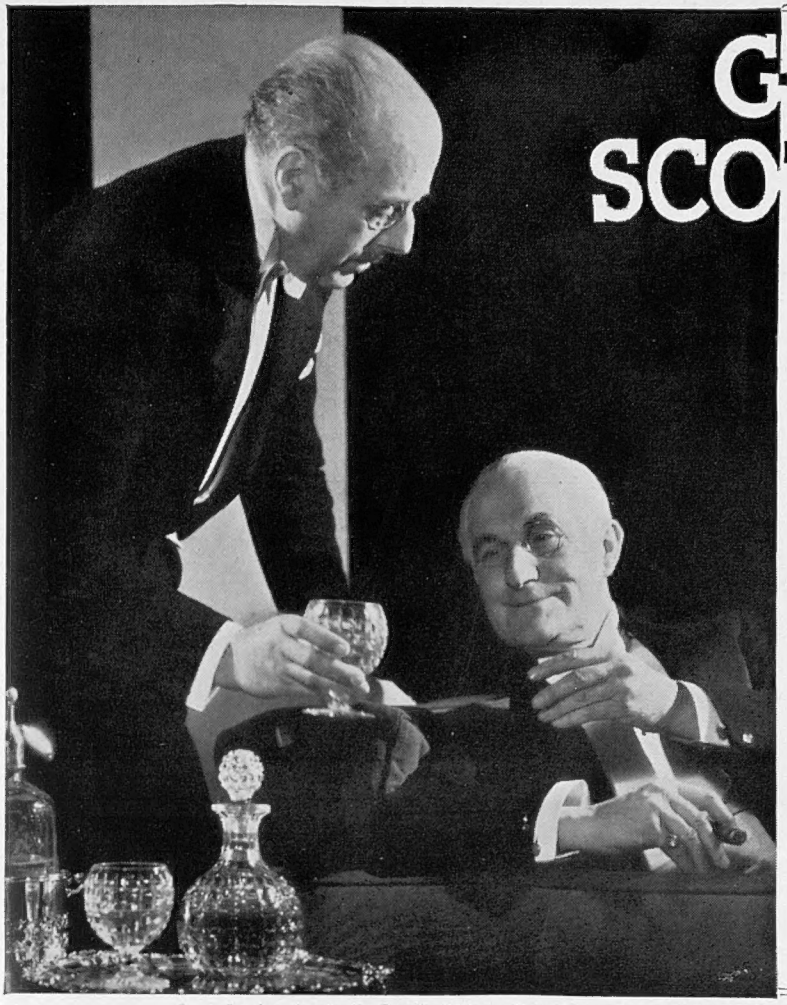

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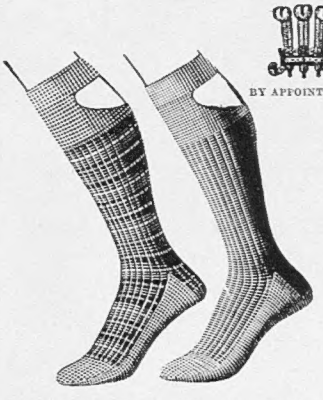

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